

# A TWO-FISTED BO-PEEP

A SHORT STORY  
By FLORENCE RYERSON

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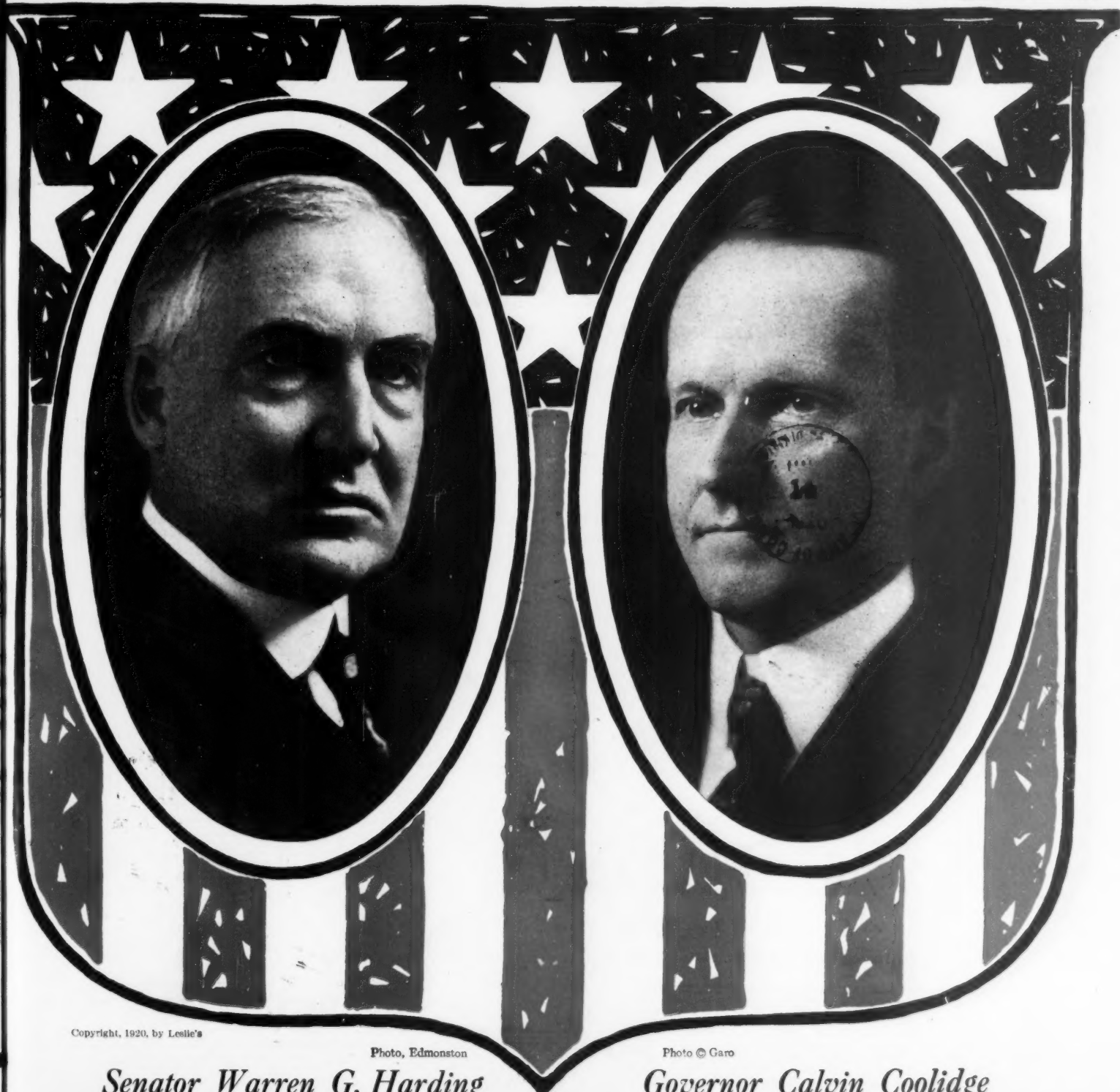
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(8 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
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(6-40)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
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(8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
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(Model C)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(1 and 1 1/2 ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
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Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(Model 12)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
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(1919)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
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(Model 615)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(Quad)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
National	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
(12 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
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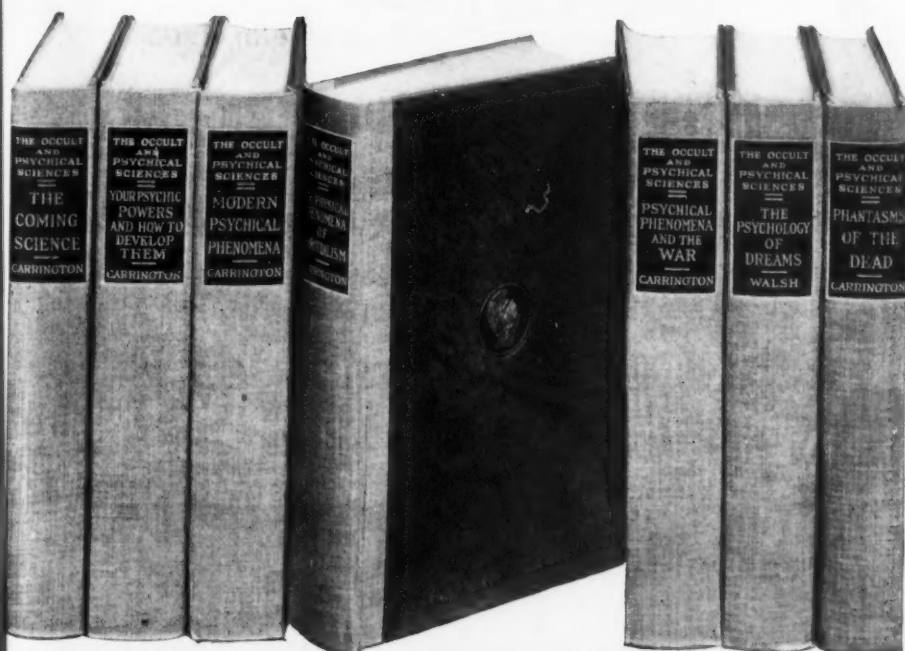
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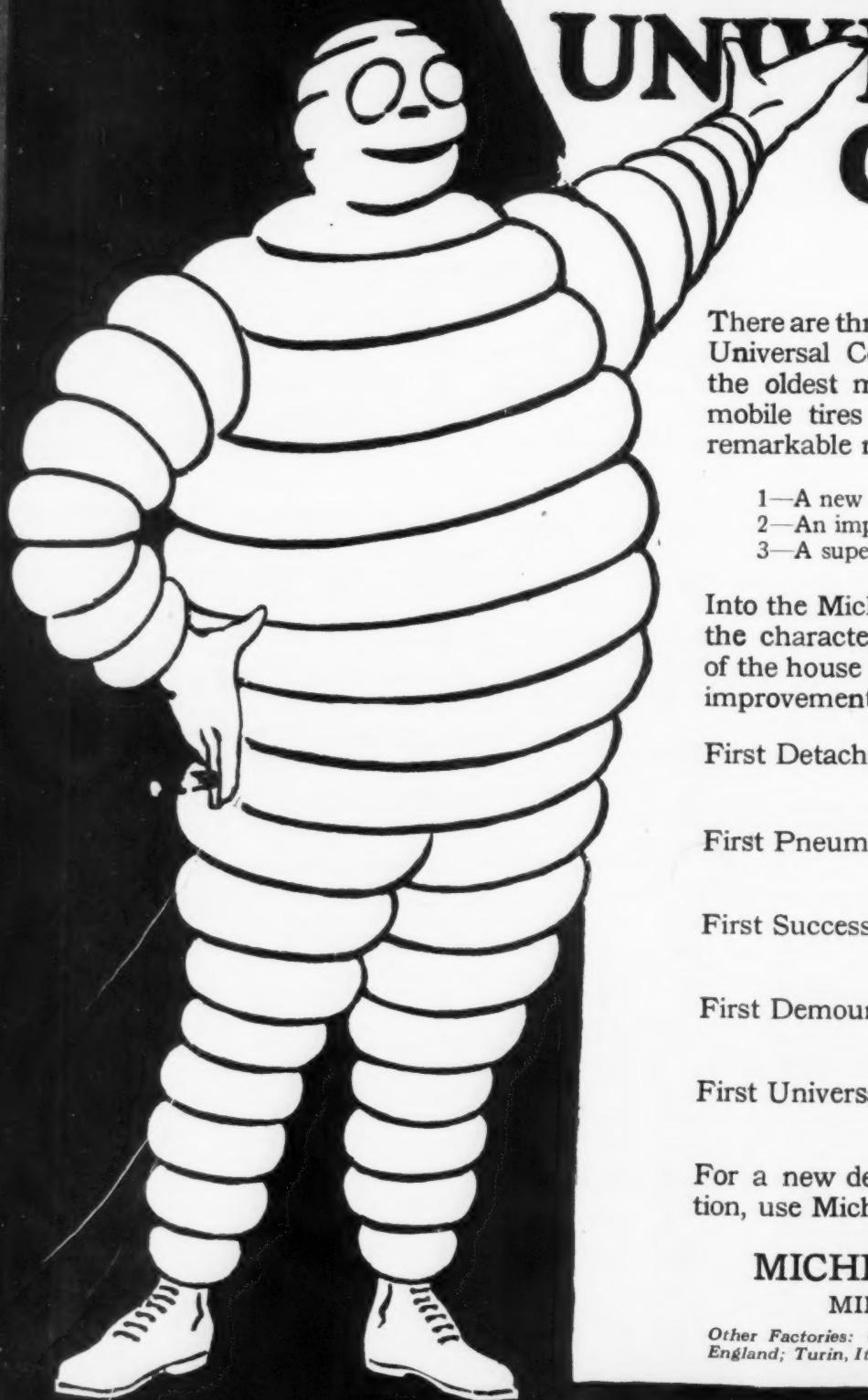
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## A Two-Fisted Bo-Peep

By FLORENCE RYERSON

Illustrated by WALTER DE MARIS

THE dusty Ford was jiggling over the prairie road and Red Jackson tugged at the wheel as though he were driving a team of restive bronchos. Suddenly over the brow of the hill a flock of sheep came into relief and Jackson slowed his engine to regard them with a grin. Even as he looked two mounted figures appeared and rode toward us. One was a woman, other a man. Waving to us they swept by and were lost in the distance. Was not a sheep country and sheep are not herded on horseback. I led to Jackson.

Who was that?"

Him? Oh, that was Little Bo-Peep the Missus."

Hills bumped past, then, "Ain't you tell o' Sam Sepulvida?"

The question was beside the point yet—

No," I assured him earnestly.

It's all ancient history. But if you heard tell—Sam was a young feller to live over that way—"he pointed and the West. "Lived with his ma, Sepulvida."

Spanish?" I inquired, but he shook head.

Not by a jugful, she weren't. Irish red-headed, with everything that with it, you bet. But Sam's pa—was Spanish, if you like, and yellowed. Say—the Spanish aren't any shakes at work, but when they come haired labor just naturally takes a look and runs past 'em without kin'! Pedro Sepulvida was that kind, he hadn't been married long when little red-headed Irish Jane scared into diggin' right in an' workin'. thing you knew, he had a right bunch o' cattle.

That's all there is to tell about Sam's pa. I only done it so you'd get here heredity thing straight. I n it'll explain a sight o' things in you couldn't a' understood other. Sam grewed up 'round the place when he'd gotten as big as half an you could see he was like a piece o' n. First a streak o' lean, an' then eak o' fat. He had big brown lan-in' eyes, and real square shoulders when he was a little chap, an' on top s head there was a great flaming h o' hair like his ma's. Inside I



"He looks up and there, above him, is a girl. I saw her later myself and I'm here to state she was some girl."

reckon he was just like he was outside. 'Cause he was real gentle most times, hatin' to hurt a fly, but he had a temper like a little red-headed devil.

"By that time his pa had died, quite wore out with his unusual exertions, but Mis' Sepulvida was still goin' strong. Had a real head for business, too. When he was twenty or thereabouts, she up and died and after that he ran the joint hisself.

"And just then the sheep men begun to come into the country and Billy Hades was raised for fair. They was pushin' down from the North, an' first thing you know the place was over-run with the vermint. Over-

WALTER DE MARIS

night they begun fillin' the free pastures like white rats. The boys got together in Gulch City and formed a committee to argue with the snoozers and made Sam chairman, which was a compliment to him as a man and a gunman—than which there was no better in Gulch City. When they gives him the post he stands up, his face all tan and kind of grim, his hair standin' up redder n' th' eternal fires you read about in the Bible, and he says, sort o' grim-like:

"Boys, I want you t' know I'm aimin' t' clean this part o' the State of every kind o' vermin an' that means sheep an' snoozers." Then he rides off in a cloud o' dust.

Those was great days!

"The head o' the snoozers was over in Purissima Flats, the best grazing ground round these parts. Fellow named Beith, sort o' ex-gunner."

"He made a special dead set at Sam, an' it wasn't till he'd been licked to a standstill that he left, takin' his sheep with him, an' issuin' warnin' that he'd get even somehow. Most the other snoozers'd cleared out before him, an' Sam was left cock o' th' walk."

"I guess I mentioned before that he weren't hard to look at, an' his doin's had sort o' put him in the lime-light. First thing you know all the girls begun to sit up and take notice. And right there I began to be plumb worried because there weren't any what you'd rightly call ladies in the place."

"Just then comes news that there's a new snoozer situated in Purissima Flats. Sam told the boys assembled round Jeff Peter's bar just what he's goin' t' do t' that expurgated snoozer an' his unexpurgated sheep, fillin' in with Spanish where his English swear words won't quite reach. Then he starts off up the trail sixty ways to a Sunday, loosenin' his holster as he goes."

"WELL, it weren't for two weeks that I see him again, and then only for a minute. So if I tell you what happened you mustn't think I knowed it then. It wasn't for a long time that he loosens up. It seems that he goes along eatin' up the miles an' cussin' the worthlessness of snoozers in general, an' this one in particular, until he reaches the upper part o' the Flats. Sure enough, right spang in the center o' the map is a lot o' woolly white caterpillar effects engaged in eatin' up all the grazin'. He looks 'round an' can't see any one in charge, but over to the west is a tent which he makes for, totin' his gun on his hip. Then, just as he's comin' over a little rise where there's a scrub oak or so he hears some one callin' him. He looks up and there, above him, is a girl. I saw her later myself and I'm here to state she was some girl, all kind o' white an' soft-like, with real yellow hair and blue eyes. You know, the kind that gets five hundred a week in movin' pictures just for bein' too sweet an' young an' innocent to face the cruel hard world."

"Well, Sam'd never seen her like, bein' used to the black-an'-tan variety that grew 'round these parts, or the kind o' blonde that comes out o' a bottle, but the girl doesn't seem to mind his starin'. She's carryin' a lamb and it's kickin' like Billy-be-damned, and she just looks at him real pleadin' and calls out:

"Oh, Mister!" she says. "Won't you please help me?" An', o' course bein' man born o' woman, there's just one thing he can do, and he does it. Five minutes later she's got him lassoed and tied to her saddle. He's a-carryin' th' lamb, an' I dunno which one is the meeker o' th' two. But finally he gets up spunk enough to ask whose sheep those is and she says real proud like:

"They're mine. Ain't they beauties?"

"There he stands with his mouth open and that silly lamb a-hangin' in his arms starin' at her."

"Yours?" he says and she nods.

"Yes. Mine and my brother's."

"Well, at that he chirped up a bit. If there's a man in it, he can argue proper."

"Where is your brother?" he asks, and she waves a hand toward the tent. "He's there," she says, "but if you talk to him you've got to be real quiet, because he's pretty sick, Bud is."

"Sick!" he says again, like an echo. And her eyes fills with tears.

"Yes," she tells him. "He took sick last winter with a cold and he couldn't seem to quit coughin' an' the doctor says he'd have to come out here. We didn't have an awful lot o' money saved up, an' I was lookin' for somethin' Bud could do. So when we got to San Francisco we met a man, a real nice man, he was, named Beith."

"What name'd you say, Miss?" he asks.

"Beith," she tells him. "An' he told me he'd got a lot o' sheep he'd sell us cheap and he told me how much money you c'd make on 'em an' all about the free range over here, an' how good you-all are to sheep-folks— So we bought his sheep with the last o' our money and now we're here."

"Sam can't say anythin', just stands there tongue-tied while she goes on."

"When we landed here Buddy got worse an' he can't do an awful lot t' help, so I kind of tend to things myself, but," she goes on bravely, "he's goin' to get better soon, and first thing you know, we'll be the sheep King and sheep Princess." She laughs real cute and silvery and then looks up at Sam where he's standin' with the lamb in his arms and says, "You can be the Lord Chamberlain if you want to."

"Sam stands there like a dunderhead. Finally she says as though she was askin' him to meet some member of royalty:

"If you're real quiet an' don't talk excitin' I'll let you come an' meet Bud."

"So he follows her back to the tent and puts the lamb in a sort o' corral with a lot of others an' she lifts the flap o' the tent and lets him go inside. It's bare an' neat, but it's got a lot o' little fixings like a girl always hangs onto, and over to one side, on a cot, is her brother. It don't take Sam long to see that Bud ain't much longer for this world. But the girl don't seem to know it. She puts her hand against his face and says:

"YOU'RE lookin' lots better, dear. And I hope you had a good sleep." He tries to smile back with his lips, which is dry and kind of twisted, and says,

"A fine sleep, Sis, an' I feel grand."

"I brought one of our neighbors t' see you," she says.

"This is Mister—Mister—"

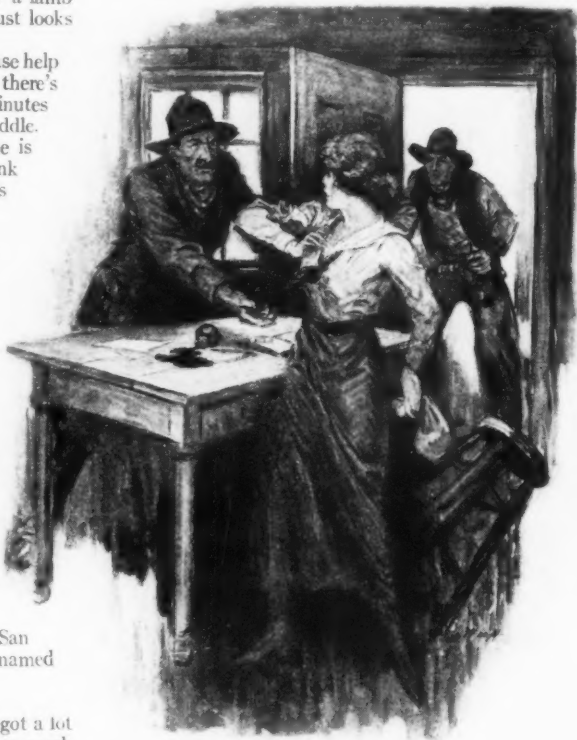
"Sepulveda," says Sam, comin' forward, "Sam Sepulveda, an' glad t' meet you."

"I'm Alice North," she tells him. "An' my brother here's named Richard, but nobody calls him anything but just 'Bud.' Mr. Sam's been helpin' me," she goes on to explain to her brother. "He's been real kind an' helpful, just like Mr. Beith said everybody'd be. I'll be able to handle things all right until you're up and around again."

"The poor chap looks up and smiles at Sam and in a minute Sam sees that he ain't under any delusions about himself, but he only says,

"Sure, Miss Alice, we'll help you out until your brother's around again, and that won't be long—this air up here'll fix him up fine." Bud looks real grateful an' Sam sees a sort o' wink in his eye that tells him he appreciates the lie. So he goes out and splits some wood and puts up a sort of screen of oak boughs on the north side o' the tent to shield it from the wind, an' shows the girl how to make a water cooler out of an old canvas bucket. And she pats his horse and makes a lot over it like women will."

"It isn't until he's goin' home that night, feelin' in his pocket ever so often to make sure that something he put in it is still there, that he remembers he went into Purissima Flats to exterminate snoozers. But he don't play



"She just stands there until all of a sudden, he sees he's made a mistake. So he goes over to her threatenin'." "Hand it over," he says, "Damn you—hand it over!"

long with the thought. Just reaches into his pocket and hauls out a little white handkerchief that Alice'd tied round a place he cut in his hand, an' looks at it with an idiotic grin.

"An' right there—at that moment something happens to him. Once I was shut up in a cabin, snowed in, an' not havin' anythin' better t' do I reads a article by one of these scientific Johnnies on heredity. He says that nobody is theirselves. They might think they is, but they ain't. They're made up o' little job lots an' sample bits o' all their ancestors."

"Well, with Sam it was that same way. All these years he'd been his ma's boy, smart, quick, and hard as nails, but meetin' up with that Alice Girl had done somethin' to him, an' a whole new side o' him rose t' th' top an' that side was his pa all over. When he gets home he takes a guitar off a shelf where it had been lyin' all covered with dust, an' he sits out under the roses by the side of the house and sings all th' songs he'd learned from old Pedro Sepulveda. An' every mornin' 's soon as he'd settled things at th' ranch he starts off up th' trail t' th' Flats."

"Now nobody in town knew anythin' about what h'd happened, 'cause when Sam rode off swearin' he'd run th' snoozers off the map it was as good as done. But one day Jud Townsend comes in to town an' says when he was riding down the Primo Pass he looked across the Flats an' th' sheep was still there. That coupled with the fact that nobody'd seen nor heard o' Sam for most two weeks looked kind o' queer. So some o' the boys that was in Jeff Peter's saloon 'lowed they'd go look into it theirselves. They starts out up the trail to the Flats."

"When they gets there they leaves their horses and starts real quiet-like for the tent, figurin' to catch th' snoozers unawares, but when they gets half way there they stops because they comes around a little oak-covered hill and on the other side they sees a moving-picture an' that picture is Sam, standin' in the middle of a dozen lambs, holdin' one o' 'em in his arms while a girl with yellow hair is feedin' it somethin' out of a spoon. She's got a book on lamb-raisin' or somethin' an' she's holdin' it in one hand an' reading instructions while he's followin' too, with his head real close to hers."

"BUD PETERS is the first to see it an' he calls the others and they stands there, starin' at the scene an' swearin' somethin' scandalous. An' if they was mad at Sam it wasn't because he hadn't run the snoozers out, you bet. Alice is standin' so the sun shines kind o' gold on her hair, and she's got on a little green ridin' suit, an' she's stuck a bit o' blue lupin in her belt that sort o' reflects the blue o' her eyes, and takin' it all an' all, she ain't the kind o' person nobody'd run out o' town."

"Jud Townsend is the first to get his breath. Jud always was a ladies' man. He gets down the hill first o' any o' 'em."

"Low, Sam!" he says, real sweet, "an' how is little Bo-Peep? Won't you introduce me to the little lamb-kings?"

"Sam turns 'round real sudden and he don't look half pleased, but Alice, she smiles up at them pleasant and sweet."

"Oh!" she says. "How do you do! I suppose you're some more of my neighbors."

"An' do any of you know anythin' about sheep?"

"Now if a man had ast 'em that, bein' dyed-in-the-wool cattle men, they'd have hit him, but those great ganglin' mutts only smile, and each an' every one o' them tries to make her think he invented sheep."

"Mr. Sepulveda's been awfully helpful," she tells 'em. "But he don't seem to know an awful lot about 'em," she says. "Although he's learnin'." He's studyin' nights, an' I think in time he'll make an' awful good sheep-herder."

"Nobody pays any attention to Sam, bein' all too busy tryin' to get in strong with the little lady. And pretty soon she takes 'em over to th' tent and feeds 'em tea, which they endeavors to swallow lookin' as though they liked it, an' introduces 'em to Bud who smiles at 'em all and listens to their talk about the healthful quality o' the air like he believed it."

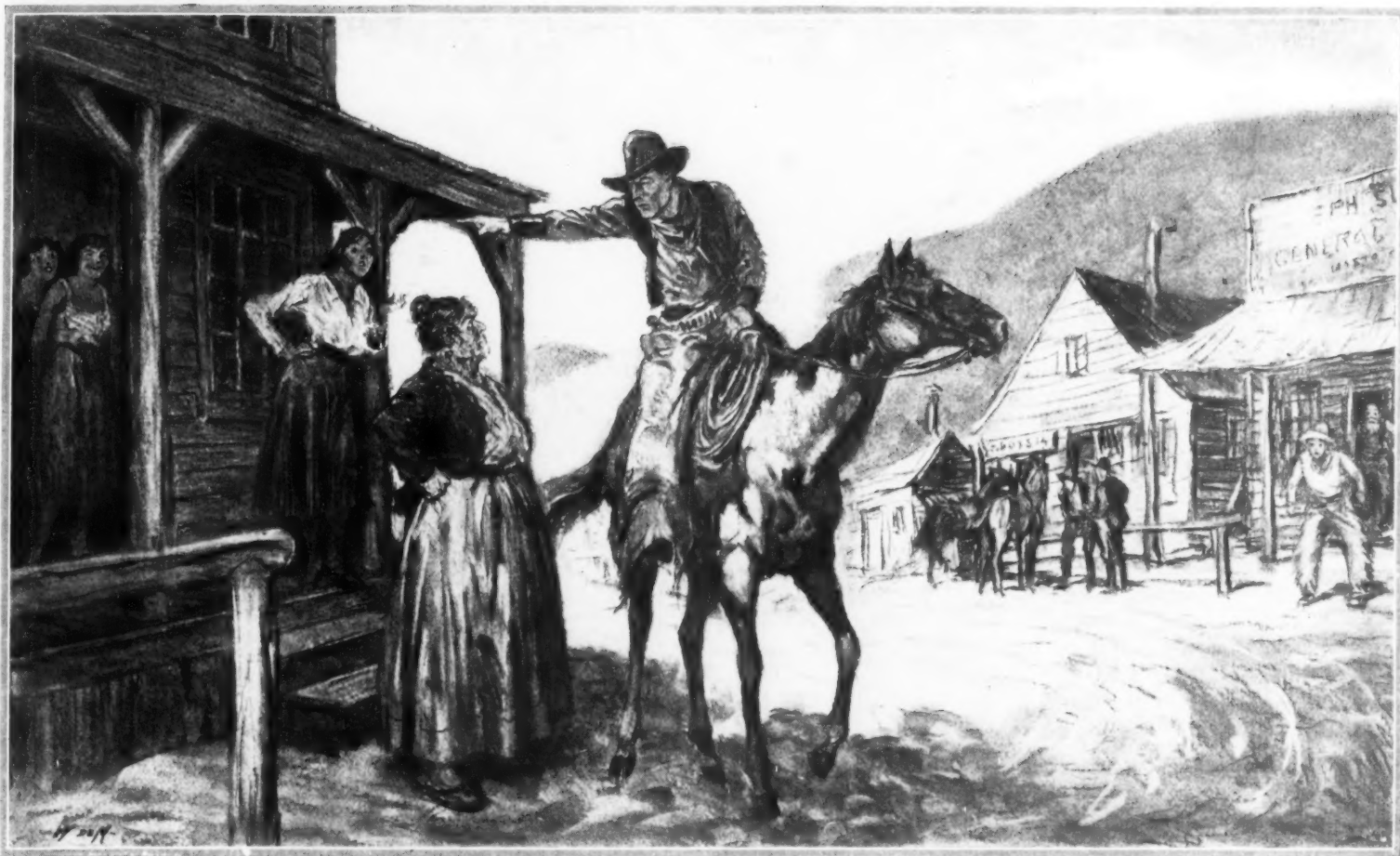
"But that Alice Girl just glows with it all and every time some one tells her about how Bud will be up and around by Christmas she smiles a million dollars' worth on him. In the end she shoos 'em all off, tellin' 'em it's time for Bud to take his nap and they all rides away toward Gulch City."

"Just as they reaches the cross trail Sam pulled up his horse."

"Look here!" he says, real venomous like, "I got just one word to say. If any o' you fellows says one word to that girl about snoozers or about not carin' for mutton in this locality—or so much as whispers that folks don't always get well o' the T. B.—he sits there glarin' an' Jud says, growlin' in his throat,

"Aw, shut up!" he says, "we don't need any bloom in Little Bo-Peep to teach us manners!" and they all rides on."





"This is goin' to be a real respectable town," he tells her, "an' you're goin' to match up t' th' town, Mis' Bascomb."

"Well, after that you couldn't ride a mile on the Purissima trail 'thout runnin' across some blamed Romeo a-gallopin' up there to carry some little offerin' t' th' North family, and wearin' the hoofs off his horse on th' trail to th' flats, hopin' t' have th' honor o' chasin' a bunch o' sheep 'round th' pasture an' watch 'em eat all the grazin'. There wasn't hardly one o' those muttuns but was fair brushed and combed and had its face washed by hand. And when it come to dippin' time there was about three personal valets to every sheep, not countin' the ones that was allowed to hold th' book o' directions and read out loud how it was done. Sam wasn't in it, because Alice'd picked him t' sit by Bud and watch him, Bud havin' reached th' stage where he needed some one most th' time.

"There wasn't a bit o' doubt that he was gettin' worse instead o' better, but Alice claimed that now he was better he needed some one to amuse him, so she most generally kept some one beside him, and most always it was Sam, Bud havin' taken a real likin' to him and his guitar.

"The day of the dippin' Sam was singin' to him real soft, thinkin' he was most asleep, but just as he got through a little Spanish song all about mantillas and gipsies and dancin' the bolero, Bud opened his eyes and looks at him like he wants to say somethin'. So Sam puts down his instrument an' goes over beside the bed.

"Look here—" says Bud. "I want to talk to you a bit about Sis."

"Yes," says Sam; an' he goes on in his weak voice.

"I ain't goin' t' last long," he says. "An' after I go, I don't know what's goin' to become o' her. We haven't a relative in the world, and we cut our last ties to come out here. She can't go on livin'—alone."

"I know," says Sam softly. "I been thinkin' about that myself."

"Got any suggestions?" says Bud, lookin' at him real meaningly. Sam gets red.

"I dunno as I have," he says. "Unless she'd be willin' t' move over t' my house as Mis' Sepulveda."

"Bud gives a sigh of relief.

"I just wanted t' make sure it was all right, so I could die easy." When Alice comes in even she can see that he's pretty far gone, but she don't lose her head none, just stands there with her cheeks flushed and says she guesses they'd better send for a doctor.

"Now the nearest doctor, bar'in' a veterinary, was sixty miles off, but Jud and Peters offers to ride over t' get him, and Sam strides out o' the tent.

"It's beginnin' t' get cold and there's quite a wind. It

comes over 'em all of a sudden that it isn't no place for a man as sick as Bud.

"We got t' get him t' town," says Sam, but Jud shakes his head.

"What you goin' t' do with the girl?" he asks. "Gulch City ain't no place for her!"

"And then there was an awful silence, all of 'em knowin' it was so. Because Gulch City, however it may be for men, was no place for a lady, consistin' as it did o' four saloons, a dance hall, a restaurant that served drinks, an' Mis' Bascomb's place. They weren't any too particular, but somehow the thought o' that Alice girl knowin' about it all didn't make a hit with 'em.

"And then suddenly Sam speaks up, and his chin is set as hard as cement.

"It's goin' t' be a place for her or there won't be no town," he says. "Give me half an hour." And with that he rides off down the trail.

"I was down at the Peters bar when he comes gallopin' into town, and at that moment there wasn't an ounce o' his pa in him. Jeff goes out t' talk with him and he looks him over and speaks, usin' words as hard as pieces o' granite.

"Jeff," he says, "I want you to take down your sign out here and put it in your back room pronto, and if any o' the boys get inclined t' take a drop too much, I want that you should hit 'em on the head. If I see any one on the streets that ain't exactly in their right mind I'm goin' t' hold you responsible—d'ye get me?" An' without waitin' for an answer he rides down th' street t' the next gin-house an' makes th' same little speech to Old Man Morgan. No explanations, y'understand, just a plain statement, but there was somethin' in his eye that kept 'em from askin' questions, an' inside of five minutes Jeff and Morgan an' Bob Wells was a-takin' in their signs while down the street Sam was layin' down th' law at the Crystal Palace dance-hall. I heard him tell 'em that while they might dance Saturday evenin's until ten o'clock, providin' always they did it in a lady-like an' gentlemanly manner, after ten he didn't want to hear a chirp out of 'em an' no questions asked.

"Then he turned 'round t' tackle Mis' Bascomb's boardin' house. Now Mis' Bascomb was a kind of character. She was a great big fat woman with a face like a chunk o' cement. Nobody's ever got the better o' her yet. She's got the only real house in Gulch City which same was most generally lit up from garret to cellar with various kinds of drink and games o' chance goin' on inside, not to speak o' the girls that stayed with her.

"Well, when Sam gets to her door he doesn't get down, just stands there yellin' till she hears him and comes out

on the steps. Behind her a lot of the girls stands laughin'. Sam addresses them like a judge from th' bench.

"Mis' Bascomb," he says, "in half an hour the boys is bringin' a sick man to your house to board, an' with him is a young lady. An' when I says la'y, I means that same—do you get me?" he says.

"Mis' Bascomb looks up at him with her face set hard like a mask.

"I ain't lookin' for any more boarders," she says, and he gets red. He says real quiet:

"As long as she's here this is goin' to be a real respectable town, and you're goin' t' match it. You're runnin' a real boardin' house," he tells her, "and th' girls are goin' to be real respectable young ladies engaged in waitin' on table, and such like occupations. An' if I hear any goin's on that ain't right for innocent cars—" he leans forward and looks at her real hard. "Why—I'll tell what I know about you back East!" he says.

"At that she gets kind o' white behind that mask o' hers. In th' end she bows her head kind o' meek like, an' says,

"All right, Sam. Bring 'em in."

"When he was ridin' away I tackles him.

"What was it she done in the East?" I can't help askin' real curious.

"How sh'd I know?" he says impatient like.

"Well, believe it or not, by the time th' boys gets here with th' girl an' Bud swung on a sort o' litter between two horses, you wouldn't 'a' known that town! What with the bars all closed as to the front entrances an' the grocery store havin' th' bottles out o' the front window an' canned goods substituted, an' th' eatin' house changin' its bottles of whiskey for a pot o' geranium, an' all the visible inhabitants slicked up t' beat th' cars, an' Mis' Verbina Winterbottom, dressed up in her best red calico that she'd sent all the way to San Francisco for, actin' as a committee of welcome along with Mis' Stillson as was a Ruiz, an' therefore some brunette—well, I thought th' boys would fall in a faint. But they bore up bravely until they seen that Sam was headin' for Mis' Bascomb's. Then they looked like they was goin' to stampeede for sure.

"But when they got there th' door was opened by Mis' Bascomb herself, an' she was in white dress with black spots, quite different from the red dressin' gown she usually wore at that time o' day. An' behind her was two o' the girls, dressed real neat an' proper. Mis' Bascomb didn't say much, but she led them into a room on th' ground floor that was real nice an' airy, where she'd cleared out all the tables an' chairs. Bud looks at her

(Continued on page 61)

# EDITORIAL

JOHN A. SLEICHER  
EDITOR

"STAND BY THE FLAG: IN GOD WE TRUST"

CHARLES AUBREY EATON  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

## Give Us Men

**M**R. HARDING'S candidacy is getting a good start. Already he has overcome in large measure the disappointment felt by many over the fact that the choice of the people in the primaries was not the choice of the convention. A spirit of good sportsmanship prevails, and he is handling his campaign with admirable tact and ability. He seems to have the gift of leadership and he inspires confidence as he becomes known.

One of the curious popular reactions is the widespread demand that Mr. Harding tell us something about the kind of cabinet he will appoint in the event of his election. The country has become so exasperated and alarmed over the Wilsonian penchant for surrounding himself with nonentities that it wants to know what the prospects are for getting the national business once more in competent hands.

Mr. Harding will have a wealth of good material to draw from. If he surrounds himself with able and experienced advisers he will satisfy all parties, for the country needs and must have the service of its best brains in all executive positions. Indeed, while it might violate tradition, there would be no serious objection to the introduction of a little ability and experience into the legislative branch of the Government as well.

## A Great Secretary Wanted

While the new President will have to choose his own advisers, he ought to know that the country will be satisfied with nothing short of the best.

In the great office of Secretary of State it would strengthen the administration enormously if Elihu Root or Philander Knox could be induced to serve. Our foreign relations cannot be safely intrusted to the care of some worthy weakling. Even omniscience on the part of the Chief Magistrate cannot make up for imbecility in the Foreign Office.

Who is there to compare with General Leonard Wood as Secretary of War? To be sure he has never taken a prize for knitting and he does know the problems and requirements of the office. But perhaps, under a new régime, this would not disqualify him, especially when a majority of the people believe in him and want him.

## The Best None too Good

For Postmaster General almost any one could fill the present vacancy, but to reorganize this great public service will require a strong and resourceful man.

The Department of Justice is in need of able direction. It would solve the problem if Charles Evans Hughes were to become Attorney General.

And certainly Mr. Hoover ought to be retained in the service of the country. He has the ability and experience to fill any one of several posts. The same is true of Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania who would make a success as Secretary of Trade and Commerce. Mr. Henry Anderson of Virginia is not as well known in the North, but he is a man of extraordinary gift and would lend distinction to any cabinet.

LESLIE'S does not propose to offer impractical suggestions to Mr. Harding, but we are determined to do everything within our power to assure appointment of able and experienced men to these positions. The best is none too good for America at any time, but just now even the best will hardly be good enough in clearing the way for national peace and prosperity.

## War Autocracy in Peace Time

**T**HE dictum of the inefficiency of democracies was disproved when the United States went to war. For the sake of putting our utmost force into the struggle, vast war powers were given temporarily to the Government. Speaking of the wholly unwarranted exercise of these powers since the close of the war, ex-Justice Hughes, at the centenary of the Harvard Law School, declared, "We may well wonder, in view of the precedents now established, whether constitutional government, as heretofore maintained in this republic, could survive another great war even victoriously waged." In going to war to destroy autocracy we have enthroned autocracy in our own midst. This is seen not only in the unusual powers conferred upon administrative officials, but also the same tendency to override the rights of the individual appears in the courts. Mr. Hughes calls attention to the fact that last year forty-four convictions were reversed by appellate tribunals because of flagrant misconduct by prosecutor or trial judge whereby the accused was deprived of a fair trial. Witnesses were browbeaten, confessions extorted, or witnesses coerced by unlawful methods, inflammatory appeals to prejudice were made by district attorneys upon matters not properly before the jury, while in two cases the trial judge interposed to extort testimony unfavorable to the accused or to intimidate witnesses for the accused. It is high time to repeal war legislation, to give up war-time autocratic methods and to return to the orderly processes of government by law in place of the decrees of officialdom.

## Time to Call a Halt

**A** DECIDEDLY pessimistic note, for which there is some justification, was struck in this year's baccalaureate addresses. Society is not going to the dogs, but modern laxity in social relations is sufficiently marked to call for the warning of President Hibben to Princeton seniors. "We are weakly allowing ourselves," said President Hibben, "to be ruled by the Goddess of Folly, slaves in her domain to the fashion of the hour. The modern dress, the modern dance, the modern music, and

modern manners of today are symptoms that indicate that somehow in this age we have lost our bearings, and that the old values of life, once so highly prized, have been forgotten." Any one who frequents the restaurants, the movies, or the theater, or even notes the dress and manners of girls and women on the street knows the picture is not overdrawn.

President Hibben is right, too, when he says there is the "danger of a lessening, if not a loss of the old-time reverence for womanhood." The worst of it is that women have only themselves to blame for this loss. Some frankly don't want any reverence and are ready to break every convention to show how they feel. They then carry with them a lot of foolish girls and their yet more foolish mothers. There used to be such a thing as maidenly modesty, but modesty is something that is being rapidly lost, even to the vocabulary. Nevertheless, if fathers had to choose between having their daughters "baby vamps," or modest girls with some of the strait-laced ideas of their grandmothers, we believe most fathers would prefer the latter type.

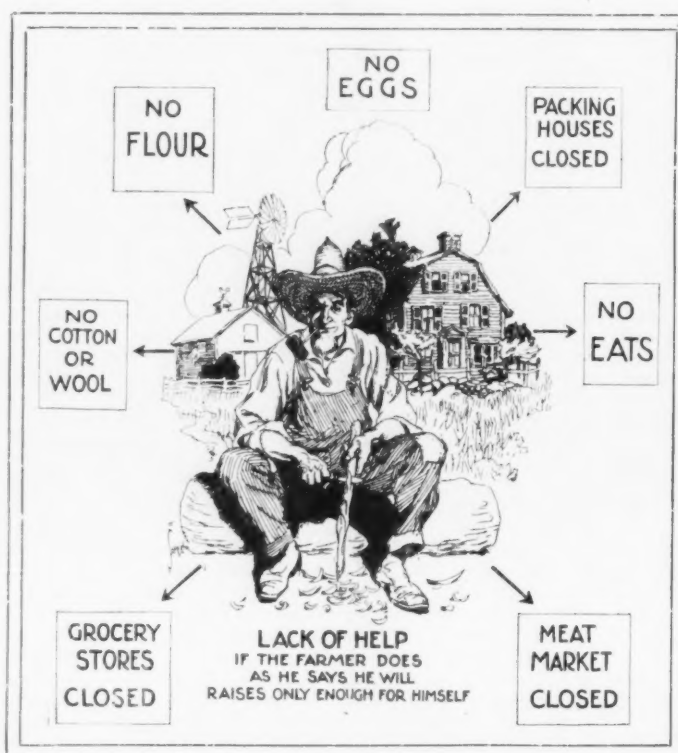
## Soft Collars

**A** GAINST the intolerable oppression of H. C. L. a great and courageous Chicago has launched a much-needed move. More than 1,300 of her business men lately started a strike against starched shirts and stiff collars. Hereafter they propose to wear only the soft shirt with collar attached. Not because they object to the style of the stiff devices, though the softer are vastly more comfortable, but because of the exorbitant prices charged by profiteering laundrymen for doing the articles up. Collars lately cost 30 cents apiece, and the laundries charge 5 cents for cleaning them. Shirts, of course, in proportion to their size, require a larger initial outlay and a higher cleansing charge. We agree with the Chicago antis that it was an outrage to make a man pay 30 cents for a stiff cotton collar. Why, if they are to wear near-iron yokes, do not all men rush to buy the cheap imitation linen collar as to which every one can be his own laundryman, and which lasts forever—if the celluloid fiber is not exposed to overheat. The soft shirt is, for the

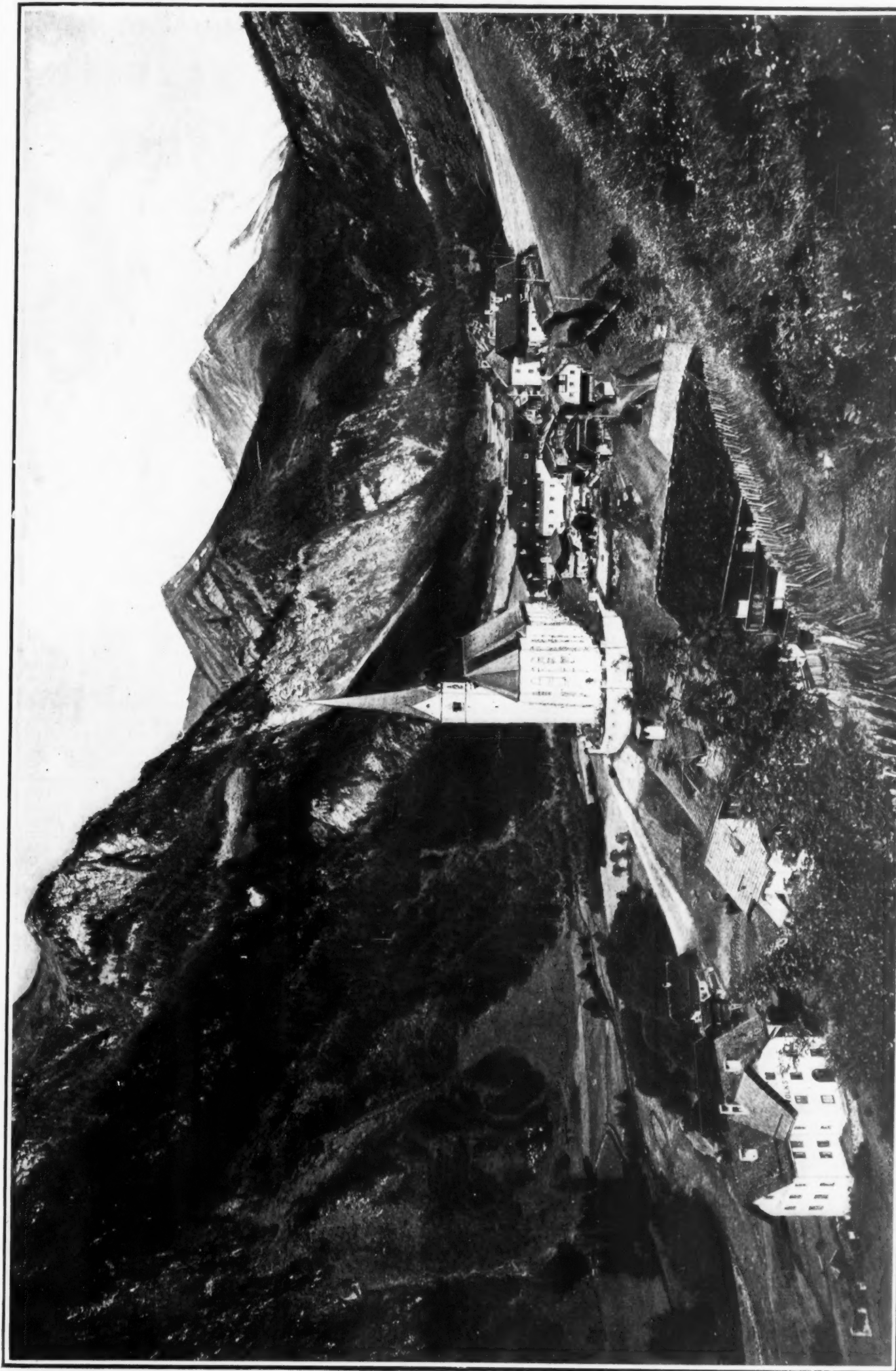
time being, low-priced and is easily washed. Although, including the collar, it soon is rumpled, it is blissfully soothing compared with the starched armor which the Chicago men have abjured. May the Chicago organization increase in number and become a national affair!

## Mexico!

**P**RESIDENT Wilson's Mexican policy has been the jeer of experienced statesmen, and it has no defenders. Admittedly a fiasco, it is one of the strongest arguments for a change in the national administration. Under Mr. Wilson this country has been flagrantly neglectful of American interests in Mexico. The Fall Committee of the Senate reports that since the Madero revolution broke out 461 Americans have been killed in Mexico, while 126 Americans have been slain on their own side of the border by Mexicans. This slaughter-score could have been almost all averted had our relations with Mexico been entrusted to able hands. Continued firmness, coupled with fairness, not indifference and weakness, or spasms of belligerency, would have saved the lives of hundreds of our countrymen. There is urgent call for a new deal by our Government in the case of Mexico.







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*Where Nature Rules with a Granite Hand, Humbling by Contrast a Man-Made World*

From the borders of Salsburg, Carinthia and Tyrol, climbs ruggedly skyward Grossglockner, a mountain of the Eastern Alps, from whose peak one of the grandest views in all Europe is spread before the tourist. Deep in a valley, 4,600 feet above sea-level, lies the market-town of Heiligenblut, the steeple of its one church in sturdy but futile competition with the mighty Alpine spires that rise from its very door. Here start the climbing parties on their way to the glacial heights.



STEPHEN LEACOCK, P.H.D.

## My Quarrel with the Spirits

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

"IS THAT my Uncle William?" asks the inquirer. His voice trembles a little as he says it. It is costing him two dollars to ask this. If it should turn out not to be Uncle William—which might surely happen among the myriads of the spirit world—the two dollars would be a dead loss.

But luckily it turns out to be all right.

"Yes," says the voice of the medium, lying prostrate on a sofa in an attitude to imitate death, but looking out of the corner of one eye. "Yes, it's Uncle William."

"And how are you, Uncle, are you happy?"

"Yes, very happy. It's all bright and so beautiful over here."

"That's good. Is Henry there?"

"Yes, Henry is beside me. Henry is happy, too."

"I'm glad of that. Ask Henry if he remembers me."

"Yes, he says he does. He wants you to believe that he is very happy."

"Does he send any message?"

"Yes. He says to tell you that goodness is the only gladness and you are to keep right on expanding yourself all you can."

"Good. Ask him if Martha is there."

"Yes. He says Martha is right there."

"Good. And ask him who else is with him there."

For the first time the medium pauses. She speaks with a certain hesitation as if groping her way. The reason is, no doubt, that there is some kind of a thought-block or stoppage in the ethereal wave. Yes; no doubt—either that or something in the form of the question. But I imagine from what Sir Oliver Lodge or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and others have been saying recently that the chief cause of these hesitations, or stoppages, is that the ethereal thought wave has momentarily slipped from one plane to another and not yet re-gear itself to the vibration. Very likely, too, the zodiacal body or somatrical double has for the moment passed through an obfuscation. It is certainly some simple thing of that sort.

Hence it comes about that when the inquirer asks who else is over there with Uncle William, the medium pauses and gropes.

"It is not very clear," she says slowly, "there's a dimness. I see two figures, but perhaps there may be three. They look strangely alike, and yet oddly dissimilar. They seem to be dressed all in deep black, or else white, I can't quite be sure."

The sifter interrupts.

"Ask if they are Mary Ann and Pete," he says eagerly.

"Yes," says the medium, "they are! They are! Mary Ann is waving to you. Pete is waving. I can see them very plainly now."

"What are they saying?" asks the inquirer anxiously.

"They are saying that there is no light but eternity, and they want you to keep on getting on a higher and a higher plane."

At this moment the proprietor of the Spiritualistic Parlors (Hours 9 to 12, 12 to 6 and 6 to 11.30) comes back into the room. His official name, on his cards, is Nadir the Nameless, the Persian Divulger, and this is why his face is stained with tan-shoe polish (rub well with the fingers followed by a dry rag, etc.) But he speaks good English, too. He lays his finger on the

# Is Spiritualism a Fraud? Two

shoulder of the inquirer and tells him that his time is up. His two dollars' worth is exhausted.

The inquirer goes his way. The Medium rises from the sofa.

"Ain't I seen that feller here before?" she asks wearily.

"Yes, I think he was here one day last week," says Nadir; "but I'm not sure."

You see, Nadir and his wife (the medium is his wife) don't keep elaborate track of their clients. There is a myth abroad that they follow them about and dig up all kinds of information about them in secret. They don't. Why should they? "Uncle William" is good enough.

"You're tired," says Nadir kindly, "come into the other room. I've got the tea ready."

"Yes, I'm tired," says the medium. Then she "begins to cry softly. 'I was thinking of Nan,' she says; 'all day while I was working I was thinking of Nan.'"

Nan was the Medium's little sister. She died last week.

"Don't cry," says Nadir. "Wait while I go and take the card out of the window. You mustn't work any more today."

"But there's the rent due tomorrow, Fred," says the wife, pausing in her tears.

"Never mind. We'll manage. Wait till I go and wash, and we'll have tea. Don't cry, dear, don't cry."

And with this first and last of human consolations on his lips, he leaves her to herself.

And do they call up Nan's spirit, or her zodiacal body in their little flat after tea time? Ah, no. Alas, not.

Meantime the inquirer, his interview terminated, has gone back to his fellows. He tells of what he has heard. He tells it eight or ten times that evening and repeats it at little intervals for days and months afterwards. He says that it was the most marvelous thing he ever listened to. He says the woman knew all the names of all his relations who had died; named them without hesitation; and told him all about them. She was doubtful for just a moment, he explains, about Cousin Pete and his second wife, Mary Ann, but this fact, when he comes to think it over is the most extraordinary corroboration of the whole lot. Pete had been married twice, having divorced his first wife, and that was why the medium kept saying, "I can't be sure whether there are two of them or three." Wonderful, wasn't it? And she hesitated as between black clothes or white, which evidently connected with the fact that when Pete's divorced wife died, he wanted to wear mourning, but his new wife wouldn't hear of it. He adds, too, that Nadir himself is a Persian, and knows just barely enough English to ask for the money for the séance. No more.

But after all does he need to?

## What Money Will Do!

THE loathsome and contemptible fraud described in the little scene above is being repeated all around us every day. In thousands of darkened "parlors" "mediums" lie extended, their faces chalked and their skin touched up with blue beneath the eyes to represent the ravages of soul intercourse upon the human frame. Their lifeless hands scribble automatic messages from the dead. Through their closed lips "direct voices" come from the world beyond the grave. Darken the room a little more, and thin material forms, lit as with phosphorus, are seen against the wall. And the messages and the manifestations are all of them and always the same silly clap-trap stuff from "Uncle William." For a dollar and a half a spirit photographer will give you a photograph of "Uncle William," cabinet size, a little thin in outline perhaps, but considering that Uncle William lives, and says he lives, "in the ether," what can you expect? If he lived in alcohol, there might be some body to his picture but in ether! Or if the inquirer prefers another kind of miracle the medium can, for a suitable sum be "elongated" by about a foot, or "levitated" up in the air supported, quite obviously, by nothing. You have only to pay your money and the spirits will do the rest. They are hanging round, apparently, in myriads, like West Indian diving boys waiting to dive for pennies. Show a spirit fifty cents and it will do anything; that, it seems, is what we come to after death, a fit punishment perhaps for our mercenary deeds on earth.

The fraud of the whole thing is so universal, so apparent and so obvious that the only wonder is that it can last. Any first-class conjurer can give the spiritualist fifty points in a hundred. When Annie Eva Fay offered to sell out the whole bag full of her tricks to Mr. Maskelyne (the famous English magician) she was informed that it wasn't necessary. Mr. Maskelyne could do them all already.

But it is particularly to be deplored that within very

recent times a renewed impulse should be given to the compound error, humbug, and imposture which goes under the name of spiritualism. It is but natural that the bereavement occasioned by the war should lead to a passionate longing for communion with the dead. Those who are crying for their children will not be comforted. In the aspect of their grief the voice of criticism must be hushed and ridicule becomes barbarity. But truth is truth. And we are compelled to ask whether in the long run the sorrow of the parent whose son has fallen in honor upon the field of battle can be assuaged or alleviated by the contemptible antics of the séance parlor.

Still more to be deplored is the fact that at this very juncture the claims of spiritualism are receiving an altogether fallacious support by the adherence of certain men prominent in other walks of life and evidently honest in their error. One thinks at once of Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. These are men to whom the world owes much. Lodge stands eminent in the ranks of the physical scientists of the day. As for Conan Doyle, if he had performed no other service to toil-worn humanity than the creation of Sherlock Holmes he would have deserved a monument of brass to mark the gratitude of mankind. At the present moment Sir Oliver

Lodge is touring the United States, expressing, if the reports in the press are correct, a qualified approval of the Christian heaven, the gravest doubts of the permissibility of hell, and an unlimited approbation of rappings, tappings, writings, voices, elongations, communications, and all other paraphernalia of spiritualism. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has just added to his *New Revelation* a publication called *The Vital Message* which is of such a character as to make his greatest admirers of the past begin to doubt the balance of his mind.

## Food for the Foolish

UNDER the influence of such men as these, spiritualism is lifting itself on to a new plane. It is acquiring a terminology, a set of words—the snare in which our weak humanity is ever caught, mistaking sounds for facts. Its talk is now of "levitation," of "discarnate entities," of "clairaudience" and "ectabolism." It is making a bold bid to be a "Church." It is setting up a martyrology of persons who have suffered for the cause, in which the names of the Fox Sisters of Hydeville, of Moses Stainton, D. D. Home and Eusapia Palladino, are to stand as the Ridelys and the Latimers, the Luthers and the Calvins of a new religion. Conan Doyle, indeed, in his *Vital Message* openly avows this subject. He tells us that Christianity has broken down and that the only remedy for it is to inject it full of spiritualism. Jesus Christ, he says, was a spiritualist. The apostles, otherwise commonplace or, in some cases, ignorant men, were selected because they were mediums of high-class power: Peter walked on the water because Jesus had him charged up and loaded so full (it is not clear of what) that he floated along like a bladder; D. D. Home, it seems, could do the same thing and did it. Moreover the very text of the New Testament, so Conan Doyle avers, becomes wonderfully illuminated the moment one regards it as a record of spiritualistic performances. There is for example a familiar text that reads "Let us set up here three altars." This we are told should read "Let us set up here three cabinets or booths," such as spiritualists use for manifestations. The idea was, no doubt, that when the cabinets were made three apostles could get into them and crack their knuckles like the Fox Sisters, or rattle a tambourine and then throw it out of the window like D. D. Home. Why the change is to be made from "altars" to "cabinets" is not explained, but no doubt to a spiritualist it sounds better. In the same way a Marconi operator might like to have it read "Let us set up here three wireless apparatuses," or a street vendor might think the passage much clearer if it were translated "Let us set up here three peanut stands."

But the pity of it is that the endorsement of such honorable names as those of Conan Doyle and Oliver Lodge misleads the public. The long record of fraud, imposture and failure which constitutes the history of spiritualism is rewritten and inverted to make it read like a story of the triumph of truth over error, of faith over doubt. Conan Doyle speaks with something like reverence of the manifestations (by means of rappings) of the Fox Sisters in 1848 at Hydeville, New York State. It was, it seems, an epoch in the history of the world. "It was only when the young Fox girl struck her hands together and cried, 'Do as I do,' that there was an instant compliance and consequent proof of an intelligent invisible force, thus differing from all other forces of which we know." This, to people who have never heard of the Fox Sisters, is profoundly impressive, as it is meant to



# Opinions From Hostile Camps

## The "Spirits" Quarrel with Mr. Leacock

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph. D.



HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph. D.

be. To those who know the record, it is unmitigated tommy-rot. The Fox Sisters, Margaret and Katie, were a couple of absolute frauds. They made the rappings with their knee-joints, just as many people are able to make crackings or snappings with their fingers and toes. Their methods were detected by a group of professors at Buffalo. They made a confession of their fraud in April, 1851. They are, presumably, dead and should be permitted to remain so.

In the same way the new apostle D. D. Home was a faker. He claimed to "levitate himself" out of one window into the air and in again at another. This he did at night from one dark room to another. One of the witnesses (they sat with their backs turned) declared that the full moon illuminated the room. It didn't. The date was December 16, 1868, and the moon was two days old. Astronomical tables cannot lie. Yet this trick of D. D. Home is used as one of the foundation miracles of the new faith. Imagine the ease of it. Three people sit in a darkened room with their backs to the window. The window has a little balcony; so too has the window of the adjoining room, also dark: Home says to the sitters, "Now just watch me levitate myself," or words to that effect. Then he goes into the inner room, or behind the window curtain or somewhere; and then in a minute there he is coming in, or seeming to, at the window! Can credulity go further? The mere fact that the window is eighty feet from the ground supplies the basis of belief. Mr. Maskelyne would have done the same trick not in one way but in fifty.

As with one so with all. Eusapia Palladino was openly caught using her agile feet and toes to perform miracles when her hands were tied. Madame Blavatski was a fake. Miss Cook who fooled Sir William Crookes by materializing a sister spirit was detected as an utter fraud. Buguet who photographed spirits was detected and punished by the French courts; and so on all down the lists.

It is impossible within the compass of a magazine article to advance elaborate proofs. But the curious in such things may read with profit, *The Question*, by Edward Clodd, *The Supernatural*, by L. A. Weatherley and J. N. Maskelyne, and *Modern Spiritualism* by Frank Podmore.

### Rather Idiotic—those Spirits!

**B**UT for my part my quarrel with the spirits and the spiritualists rests chiefly on other grounds. Suppose that we were to take their "revelations" at their face value. What a gloomy and depressing outlook they offer for the world beyond this. The "spirits," to judge by their messages, have lost every vestige of common sense or clear thinking or mental interest that they ever possessed: their messages are just the same as they would be if they were actually made up by the illiterate and mercenary mediums whose minds, we are told, they use as channels. The same vapid stuff about being bright and happy; the same feeble-minded reiteration that where they are there is no trouble and no sorrow; the same lack of details; the same inability to say a straightforward thing in a straightforward way; the same attempt to identify themselves by far-fetched, ambiguous generalities: the same utter lack of knowledge, of thought or information except what could be easily supplied by the sitter or the medium or by the simplest of chicanery. Is it possible that those whom we have loved and lost must sink to this? "God help us," wrote Charles Darwin, "if we are to believe such things as these." And one may echo the cry today.

Nor is it only the messages that are insane: apparently the life that the spirits lead among themselves is as depressing as their messages. Their life, if we may believe their latest exponents, is a poor, pale copy of ours, bereft of the brevity and the struggle that give it meaning, and reduced apparently to an unending routine of meaningless activity that is never to know the peace of death. Thus for example is the life of the spirits described by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. "Happy circles live in pleasant homesteads, with every amenity of beauty and music. Beautiful gardens, lovely flowers, green woods, pleasant lakes, domestic pets—all of these things are fully described in the messages of the pioneer travelers who have at last got news back to those who loiter in the old dingy home. There are no poor and no rich. The craftsman may still pursue his craft, but he does it for the joy of the work. Each serves the community as best he can."

This means, if it means anything, that we are still to go pursuing the daily round of our present life when the meaning has gone out of it. An endless gardener shall raise eternal radishes. An undying carpenter, his face wrinkled with a million years, shall plane his little board still whistling from his hollow lips the soundless notes of "Annie Laurie."

**T**HE miracle of Balaam's ass," as Mr. Andrew Lang once wittily remarked, "was not that it said anything in particular, but that it said anything at all."

If "spirits" ever converse with mortals, through "mediums," so-called, across the bridge separating this world from the next, this in itself is the profound marvel; whether or not they say anything worth listening to is another matter. The conversation of the majority of people is not worth listening to, either; and Dr. Hyslop once proved, by a series of experiments, that even highly "intellectual" men, when left together, soon lapse into a series of jokes, banalities and trivialities at least on as low a plane as many of the "communications" we have received—many of which, indeed, have been of an exceedingly elevated tone.

Mr. Leacock's article could be answered in several ways; but personally I shall not definitely defend the "spiritualistic" attitude—not being a spiritualist myself. I am convinced, however, that Mr. Leacock has not played fair with the subject on the whole, and I think it is easy to show this. Professor Schiller, of Oxford, once called psychical research "the Dreyfus Case of Science." It has never yet received a fair trial before an impartial tribunal. And, as Dr. Richard Hodgson once remarked: "If we could only get the scientific men to attack us, our case would be won!"

### Yes, There ARE Frauds

**L**ET me begin by saying that there is much in Mr. Leacock's article with which I heartily agree. The absurdities, the fraud, the utter rubbish, the banalities which are often presented in the name of "spiritualism" are repulsive, and an insult to the intelligence of any sane and sensible person. One has only to attend a typical spiritualistic "Camp" in order to assure oneself of this. I myself have emphatically called attention to it, and thereby made myself very cordially disliked by the majority of spiritualists in consequence! The credulous mystery-monger—the seeker after novelties and sensations, the selfish and self-seeking "sitter" who desires only advice in money matters, scandal, or "tips on the stock-market," probably gets just what he or she (usually she) deserves, when visiting fraudulent mediums, who "fleece" them in exchange for their selfishness and credulity. The unscientific and untrained investigator, who accepts the presence and manifestations of "spirits" every time the Ouija Board moves or the table tilts, is too ignorant and absurd even to be considered. I have no doubt that much that Mr. Leacock writes represents the truth, and should prove a good moral lesson to many a person. At the same time, there is another side to the question which Mr. Leacock has altogether ignored or actually misrepresented. I shall try to make this clear.

### Everybody Knows It All

**T**HE naïveté of some of these bitter attacks is really humorous, when judged dispassionately. Thus, in an important book "Spiritism and Religion," endorsed as the "best book upon this subject so far written," we read:

"To my mind, it is a great pity that some among the orthodox, scientifically trained, have not had the same advantage—or perhaps I ought to say the same disadvantage—as Dr. Raupert, who has gained his knowledge in ways forbidden to many." Is it an advantage or a disadvantage? Or is it either or both? Mr. Leacock in his article practically asserts that all the phenomena of spiritism are due to fraud, pure and simple. This is, of course, an absurd attitude to take, in view of the fact that thousands of private individuals (not professional mediums) have themselves experienced such phenomena (often spontaneously); and that all history is filled with psychical facts and phenomena—long before "modern spiritualism" came into being, or a "medium" was ever heard of. What about these facts? Statistics have shown us that practically ten per cent. of the inhabitants of Great Britain, selected at random, have experienced some psychical phenomenon of some sort! (*Proceedings S. P. R.*, Vol. X). Is one person in every ten a fraudulent medium? It would be hard to believe this.

Mr. Leacock's article contains certain errors of fact

which should, I think, be corrected. Thus, he says that "D. D. Home was a fakir." In all the many years of his public mediumship, no evidence of fraud was ever produced, nor was fraud actually detected on any single occasion. This is a historical fact. The Fox Sisters did "confess" to trickery, at one time in their lives when, later on, they became drunken good-for-nothings. But Mr. Leacock fails to state that they also recanted their "confession" before their death. Eusapia Palladino did undoubtedly trick, but she also possessed genuine psychic powers of a remarkable character—as everyone who has made a prolonged and impartial examination of her phenomena testifies. (Mr. Leacock evidently gained his impression of this case from the newspapers instead of at first-hand, or from some one who knew.) Mme. Blavatsky certainly possessed knowledge of Occult Laws known to but few; while Miss Cook, in the presence of Sir William Crookes, at least—in his own laboratory—certainly produced manifestations which have never been explained—such as "materialization" of a phantom form, having physiological peculiarities differing from those of the medium, as an examination showed. And as for Home's levitation, Mr. Leacock's presentation of the case is a mere travesty, as any one reading the evidence will see. Dr. Carpenter endeavored to discredit the incident at the time, and only succeeded in evoking the personal testimonies of Lord Adare, the Earl of Dunraven and Captain Wynne—all of whom testified to the actual facts of the levitation, which they carefully observed.

### The Facts in the Case

**A**S TO the "communications" received, I fully agree with Mr. Leacock that the vast majority of these, received through ordinary mediums, are utter drivel; but then we psychical researchers do not believe that these "messages" emanate from "spirits" at all in the majority of cases. They are the products of the medium's subconscious mind. Only very rarely are genuine traces of spirit communication obtainable, and every experienced psychical student would admit this. We psychical researchers have almost as great a quarrel with the spiritualists as we have with the materialistic scientists! We believe they are both wrong! One says: "It is all fraud," and the other "It is all spirits." We do not believe this. We believe that there exist many genuine, supernormal phenomena of a remarkable character, well worthy of serious, scientific study and investigation. We believe that the majority of these are probably due to unknown biological and psychological powers within ourselves—while admitting that a certain small percentage of the phenomena point to the exercise of an independent intelligence—that is, a spirit. But that we should accept as Gospel everything coming through a medium is absurd. Of course, there is the temptation, when once one has been convinced of the reality of the spiritual world, and the possible—if rare—communication with it—to believe what comes from that source—i.e., what we are told. And it is these "statements" which have been woven into a new philosophy and a new religion. Personally, I think this premature. But "there are all kinds of minds to make a world," and we must not deny the right to anyone else to believe what he chooses. Otherwise, we should return in thought to the days of the Inquisition. Undoubtedly there is much fraud, error and delusion in spiritualism. There is also in it a profound problem, calling for solution—and for the application of impartial, scientific and critical methods of investigation.

# Pictorial Digest of the World's News

**T**HE vast majority of those who see this picture—the one at the right—will make an incorrect guess as to what it represents. It might be an iceberg, but it isn't. It might, possibly, be a huge mountain of slag, but it isn't. It might be—but why continue? It is nothing more nor less than some 6,000,000 pounds of ice which were left standing in the sun in Covington, Ky., recently, when an ice plant was wrecked by an ammonia gas explosion! The force of the explosion was so great that it blew away the walls and left the ice within—more than 20,000 large blocks of it—exposed to the elements. The great, glistening mass which was snapped by the photographer was, probably, a unique sight such as has never been seen before.

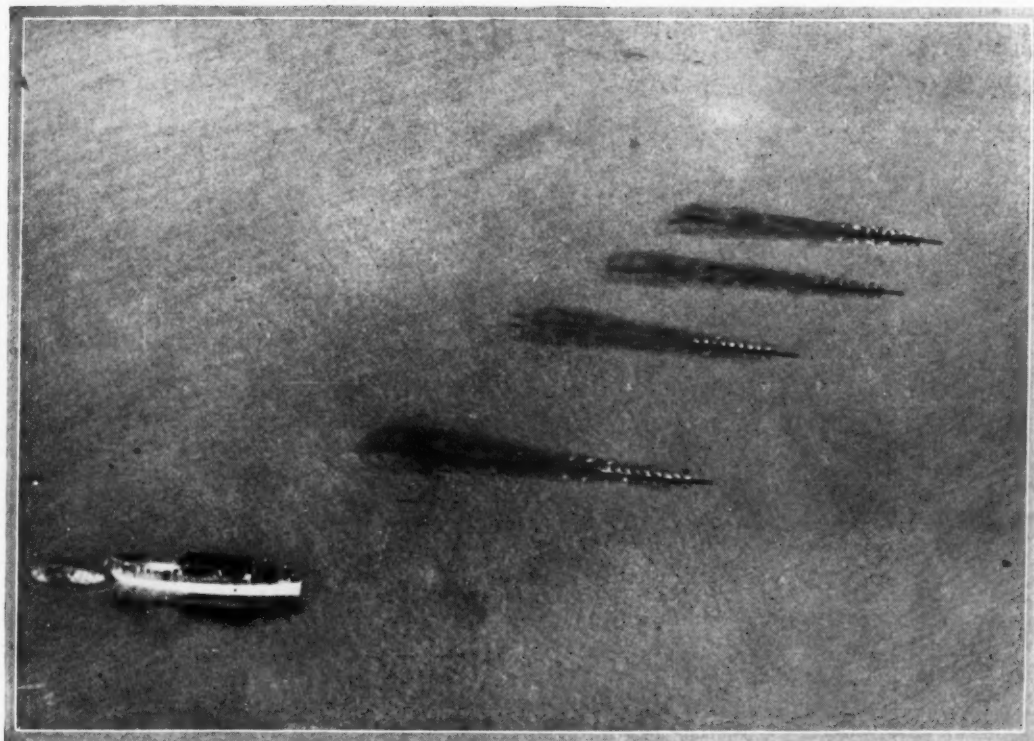


**C**APTAIN EDWARD J. CORSI, of Brooklyn, New York, and Miss Thorson, a Red Cross worker from Fargo, N. D., who are among those present at the fighting in Poland. The latter has been doing yeoman's service in the battle against disease, while the former has been combatting the Bolsheviks in the air. Recently Captain Corsi suddenly leaped into the limelight by doing a daring stunt which made it possible for the Poles to capture an entire Bolshevik armored train. The train, a veritable moving fortress, was speeding toward Red territory and safety after a raid when the American flew beyond it and halted it by the simple expedient of dropping a few bombs on the track. The Poles then came up in force and the Bolsheviks called out the Russian equivalent for "Kamerad!" Captain Corsi, it is hardly necessary to add, is a member of the Kosciusko Squadron, whose members have for some time been covering themselves with glory in Poland.

**L**AST year both of these men—the most prominent in the picture—made a run of 750 miles between Shimonoseki and Tokyo, Japan. They are Kanaguri (left) and Akiba, one of whom, according to their fellow countrymen who have seen them in action, is sure to win the Marathon race which will be the greatest feature of the Olympic Games at Antwerp. It is claimed that Kanaguri has done 25 miles in 2 hours and 19 minutes, which means that he is one of the fastest runners the world has ever seen.



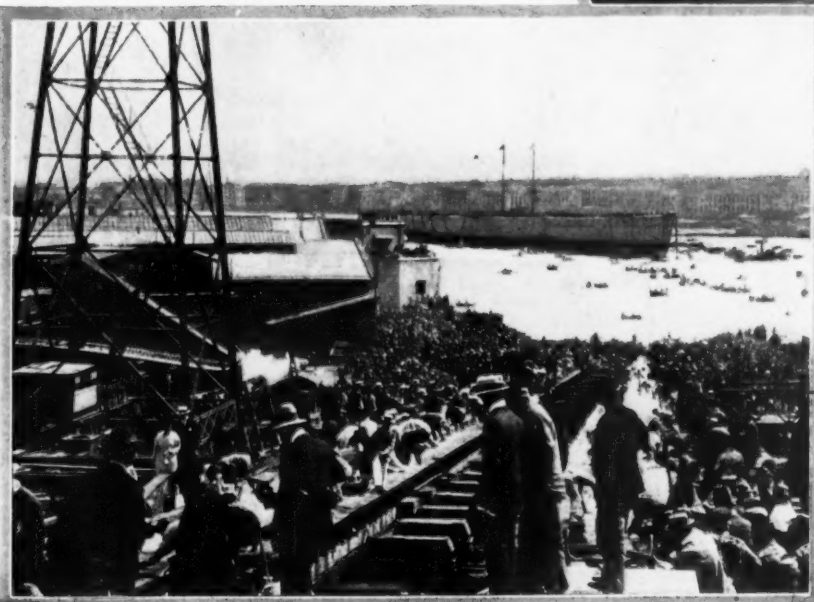




# Pictorial Digest of the World's News

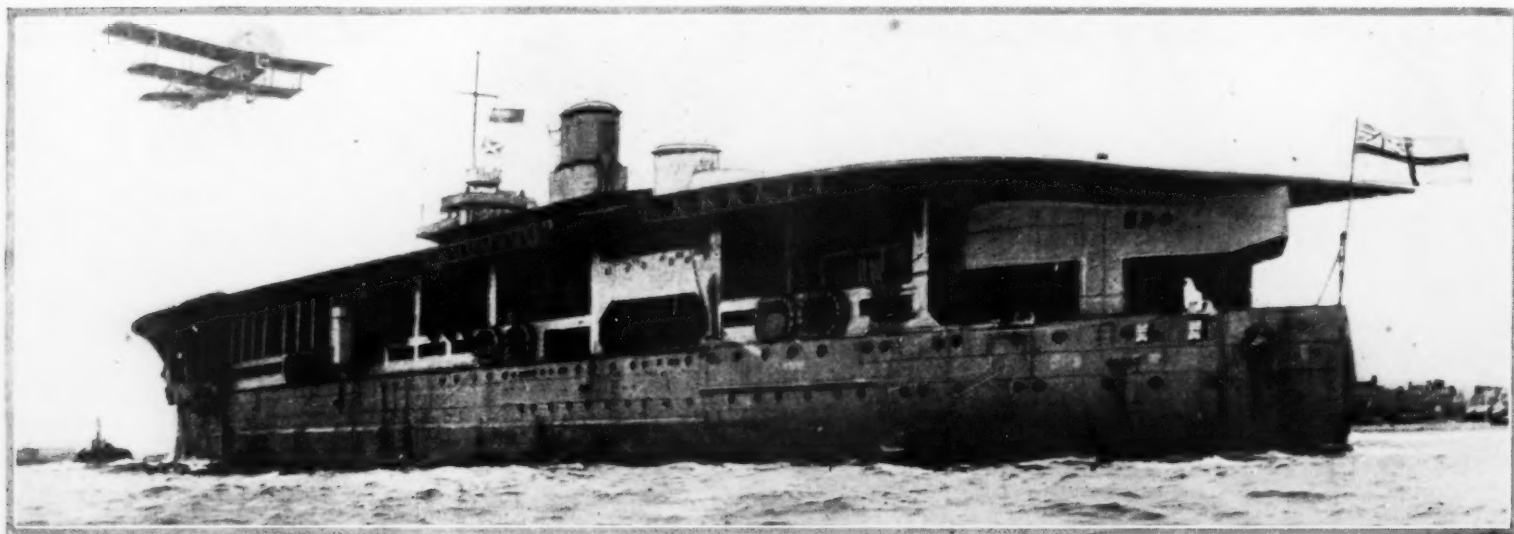
THIS is the way the start of the freshman race appeared to an aviator who was flying during the Intercollegiate Regatta held recently on Lake Cayuga, Ithaca, N. Y. Note the effect of the oars on the water behind the boats. Cornell won this particular race, which was a procession, with Syracuse five lengths behind at the finish, Pennsylvania next, and Columbia last. The 'Varsity race—the greatest race of the year in America—was won by Syracuse, which flashed past the finish line a length and a quarter ahead of Cornell. Columbia took third honors and Pennsylvania was fourth. Ordinarily the Regatta is held on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, but this year, because of the inability of the railroad officials to supply observation trains, the big event was moved to Ithaca.

GENERAL PASASKEUPOULOS, Commander-in-Chief of the Greek forces in Smyrna, who may lead an army against the Turkish Nationalists in Asia Minor. At a recent conference between the Allies it was decided that if it proved impossible to negotiate satisfactorily with Mustapha Kemal, the Nationalist leader, a Greek army would be sent after the trouble makers who have been making life unbearable for the Armenians and others who are not friendly toward the Turks. Experience has proved that the Greeks are no match for the Turks as fighters, and their capacity to put the Allies on their feet again in the Near East remains to be demonstrated. General Pasaskeupoulos will, if he invades Asia Minor, probably use Smyrna as a base port and try to cut the Berlin-Bagdad Railroad at Afium Hara-hissar. The railroad is Kemal's chief line of communication, and should it be cut he will be forced to withdraw the troops he had advanced to the Dardanelles, where British troops are already on duty, and to retreat into the interior.



THE launching of the new Italian steamer *Caracciolo*. The giant vessel looks very much like any ordinary ocean-going steamship, but it is, in many respects, very different. Its builders originally planned to make it a dreadnought, and for months work on the huge floating fortress went on steadily. When world conditions changed and the Italians knew that they were no longer in need of a large navy it was decided to convert the ship into a transatlantic freighter. Should Italy ever again become involved in a war it will be comparatively easy to install guns and other fighting equipment on the "freighter" and add another dreadnought to the nation's navy in a very few weeks.

# Pictorial Digest of the World's News



THEY call this the "ugly duckling" of the British navy, but its unlovely exterior did not prevent it from being a big thorn in the side of the Germans during the Great War. It is H. M. S. *Eagle*, whose huge upper deck carries a number of airplanes and which was constructed by the British when they realized that their best protection against the submarines was a swarm of speedy aircraft. The unique vessel—which will undoubtedly be duplicated by every country in the world—may be likened to a hornets' nest, about which sinister little insects, capable of giving a very dangerous "sting," are constantly buzzing when an enemy approaches. Our naval experts were greatly disappointed recently when they learned that the appropriation for naval aviation contained in the new Naval Appropriation Act is only \$20,000,000. This sum will enable the Navy and the Marine Corps to procure only about 100 planes and 38 lighter-than-air craft.



THE representative of the Paris Post of the American Legion—Major Kenneth Latour—delivering an address at the Fere-en-Tardenois Cemetery, during the Memorial Day ceremonies with which France honored the American dead who rest near where they died. During the war Major Latour played a conspicuous part, first as a member of the world-famous Lafayette Escadrille and later as Chief of Air Service of the Third Army Corps of the A. E. F. He was for several months a member of the staff of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, to which he contributed a number of notable articles. After the Fere-en-Tardenois ceremony the entire American Legion delegation and the representatives of various American welfare organizations went to the spot where Quentin Roosevelt is buried near the village of Coulonges, where Major Latour placed a wreath of crimson immortelles (sent by the Roosevelt family) upon the young hero's grave.



Marshal Joffre listening to an address delivered by Le-Quang-Bay, representative of French Cochinchina, on the occasion of the consecration of an

Annamite temple erected in France in memory of Indo-Chinese troops who died for France. A handsome monument was also dedicated at the same time.



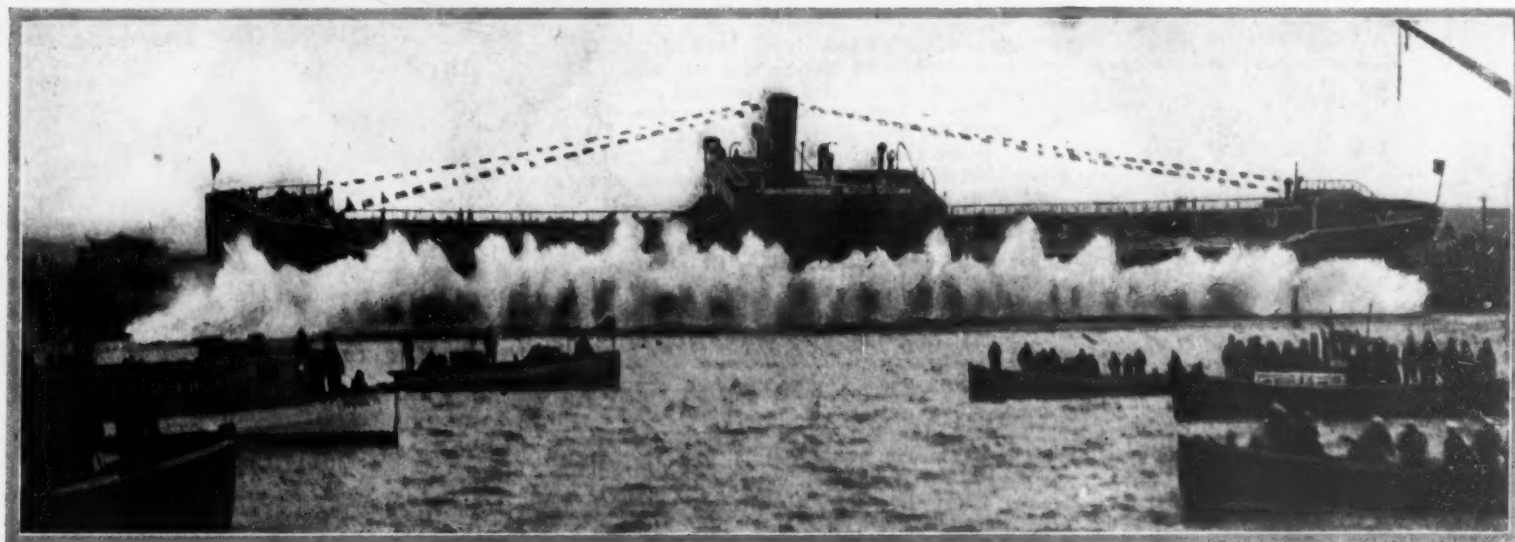
# Pictorial Digest of the World's News



SOME of the men who are standing by their leader, d'Annunzio, through thick and thin. They are known as the "Desperadoes." During the great war they proved conclusively that they are among Italy's best fighting men, and since they marched into Fiume several months ago they have announced again and again that they will never surrender, should a hostile force ever be thrown against them. Their war cry (rather freely rendered) is "He that threatens our commander will meet death!" The recent report that the famous poet had begun the invasion of Jugo-Slavia proved untrue, and it appears that he intends to adhere to his original plan of holding Fiume tenaciously until it finally becomes a part of Italy.



ADOLFO DE LA HUERTA taking the oath which made him President of Mexico. The inaugural ceremony was held in the Congress Chamber, which was filled with the most distinguished people of the Republic. Note the extremely youthful appearance of the new Chief Executive, who, despite his lack of years, is one of the most astute politicians in Mexico. Shortly after assuming his new duties the President broke all Mexican traditions by giving a dinner to a number of American newspaper men, to whom he talked with great freedom on numerous important subjects in which this country is interested. On June 25th he presided at a full cabinet meeting—the first held in Mexico since 1913. So far he has proved to be popular.



Just as the concrete steamer *Cuyamaca* took the water at San Diego, California, where it was launched recently, the camera man pressed the

button—with this result. That the blow was distributed evenly from stem to stern is indicated by the wave that is shown so clearly here.

# Men Who Were In When Opportunity Knocked

Plus A. C.

By

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

EARNING his living in a way that no man before him ever dreamed of attempting, + A. C. is a candidate for the Club of Odd Trades. The caricature by Joseph Cummings Chase which serves as our illustration catches the flavor of this unique personality better than a portrait. Perhaps + A. C.'s forehead is not so high as the caricature indicates, but you feel that it is; and when you discover the remarkable fertility of his ideas, you no longer wonder at the conformation of the brow.

+ A. C. plies his trade in an office building adjacent to Fourth Avenue, New York's magazine "Fleet Street." His neighbors in the building work in artists' studios or deal in novelties and notions, embroideries, illustrations or letter-press for the magazines. + A. C. combines all of these functions in one small room, plainly furnished with a home-made writing desk and one of those Morris chairs that used to be given away as premiums for soap wrappers. He operates a studio, deals largely in novelties and notions and embroideries (to accompany drawings intended for the humor magazines), and he sells a large output of illustrations and "copy."

You have seen his work as often as you have seen that of F. P. A. or B. L. T. or K. C. B. You doubt me? Then next time you pick up JUDGE or LIFE, look closely at the artists' signatures on the drawings therein printed. Below many of the draughtsmen's names you will find "+ A. C." The symbol indicates that Arthur Crawford has had a hand in originating the drawing and in selling it. For nearly twenty-four years he has been a helpful middleman between artists and publishers. Though he cannot draw a line himself, he is the consulting engineer to a score or more of expert draughtsmen whose markets are the humor weeklies and the "lighter vein" departments in the back of the national monthlies.

## Banker, Actor, Model, then "Ideas"

+ A. C.'s odd trade had an appropriately odd beginning. He started out to be a banker in Montreal, and in two years had attained to the dignity of a brass cage with "receiving teller" over its window. Meanwhile he was developing a talent for acting and was playing in many amateur theatricals.

His work in "character parts" was so good that an actor-manager who saw him play offered + A. C. a chance to join a troupe of professionals. The minute this offer was made, the receiving teller accepted it, and the following morning he was on hand at the stage door for his first rehearsal.

He liked the new life, as a pleasant change from commercial routine, and he made fair progress in it. But as time went on he found that this second calling, like the first, had its drawbacks. Sometimes he "rehearsed for four weeks to play a few days"; and at the close of a season it was not unusual for him to find himself facing the long summer vacation with skimpy funds.

In this emergency he discovered that the unproductive months of the hot spell could be made remunerative by posing as a model for New York artists. Thus it came about that + A. C. heard Opportunity knocking not at the door of a green-room, but in a skylight studio. At the close of a sitting one summer afternoon, the artist who was painting + A. C. in an "action pose" was heard to sigh:

"If I only could find some one as good at labeling my drawings as you are at posing! I'd give \$5 for a caption that would sell this picture."

To an actor out of a job, \$5 is \$5, and + A. C. pondered on the subject with all the ponder-power



Drawn by Joseph Cummings Chase

ARTHUR CRAWFORD, WHO HIDES HIS FRANK PERSONALITY BEHIND THE CRYPTIC "+ A. C.," WHICH IS NOT ALGEBRA, BUT ART.

possible to a notably massive brow. The result was inevitable—he hit upon an idea that sold the picture and he collected the promised green-back. Then he kept on thinking, like a man who has drunk too much black coffee after his evening meal. Before the summer was over + A. C. had established himself in a new profession—in which profession he has been first and foremost ever since.

Through nearly twenty-four years he has followed this odd trade, through the "He and She" Joke Epoch, through the Bugville Era, through the Lovey-Dovey Days, through more recent times when the fashions changed to Dramatic Situations, and on into the War Stuff and out again. He sees the jokes on Prohibition now struggling their last and looks hopefully forward to a return to the styles of antebellum days portraying a "situation more or less dramatic."

In the soap premium Morris chair he rolls the "makin's" of a home-made cigarette and explains:

"I like to have a drawing tell a story. I like to dramatize my pictures—influence of early training, I suppose. I've never gone in for anything slapstick, on the order of the Sunday supplement comics, nor cared to sell any other kind of exaggerated, far-fetched ideas false to the facts of human nature. I did all I could to kill the craze for the over-strained kissing pictures in the Lovey-Dovey Era. My idea of the best sort of humor is something true to human life, in the average American home or office or place of recreation."

He pauses to lay down the cigarette and scribble in a fine Spencerian hand on a small slip of tablet paper an idea which he will pass out to one of his staff of artists.

If there ever has been a criticism of + A. C.'s work it is that it sometimes verges on the "high-brow." But most of us are rather glad that + A. C.'s brow is high rather than low, and would speed the day when Sunday supplements will become his customers along with the magazines.

## The Youngest Governor

By

R. P. CRAWFORD

SEVENTEEN years ago, a ruddy-cheeked young man set out from his farm home in Clay county, Nebraska, determined to "land" a certain job that he had heard was open on an Omaha newspaper. Today at thirty-eight years of age, Samuel R. McKelvie is governor of his State—the youngest governor in the country—and the successful owner of a business which could be disposed of almost any day for approximately half a million dollars. Being a successful business man, he has already introduced into the

State government many ideas that go with a big business institution. Two

years ago he bought out the same newspaper that he had begged for a \$15 a week position years before, and consolidated it with his own paper, *The Nebraska Farmer*. For several

years now his salary has been in five figures. And it is interesting

to note that this man who finally became governor is the same man who a few years ago was third among three candidates when he ran for the city council in his home town.

How he secured that first job in Omaha forms a story that almost any young man of today could

(Concluded on page 56)



SAMUEL R. MCKELVIE, GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA, AT THIRTY-EIGHT. HE CREDITS HIS FATHER WITH HIS BUSINESS SUCCESS; HIS MOTHER WITH HIS SUCCESS IN POLITICS.



# THE SEASON WHEN THE BASEBALL DEADHEAD PUTS HIS BEST EYE FOREMOST

A BASEBALL TOTEM-POLE. THE YOUNG FANS WOULD OBJECT IF A TEACHER TOLD THEM TO STAND TWO HOURS IN A GLOOMY CORNER.



HALF A MILE FROM THE HOME-PLATE, BUT A BETTER JUDGE OF BALLS AND STRIKES THAN THE UMPIRE. HE'LL SAY SO.



AN ANT'S-EYE VIEW OF A BIG-LEAGUE GAME—UNDER THE GATE AT EBBET'S FIELD, BROOKLYN. DOWN WITH THE MODERN BALL PARK! THERE ARE NO KNOT-HOLES IN A CONCRETE WALL.

THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF KIDS WHICH, TAKEN AT THE FLOOD, LEADS OVER THE FENCE. "WATCHFUL WAITING" AS PRACTICED AT THE POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK.



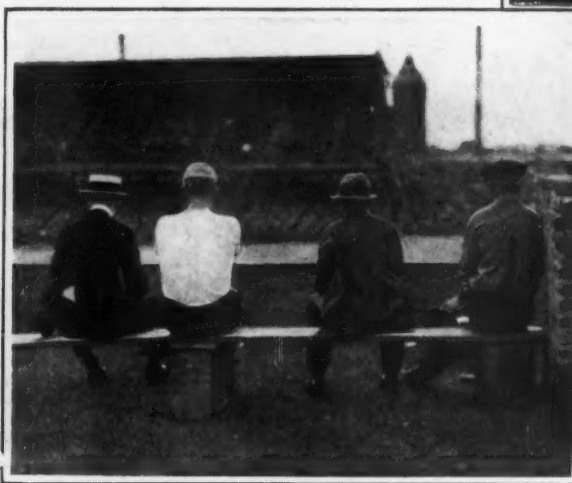
NO PLACE IS THIS FOR AN OPTOMETRIST, WHOSE SPECIALTY IS TREATING WEAK VISION. HERE, THE EYES HAVE IT. THEY COULD PICK FOR YOU THE EXACT SPOT WHERE A FIELDER HEAVED HIS GLOVE WHEN HIS SIDE WENT IN TO BAT.



AN INVITATION TO BABE RUTH TO "SEND ONE UP TO US." DIRIGIBLE FORECASTS A PROBLEM: HOW MANY BASES MAY A RUNNER TAKE ON A BALL KNOCKED INTO AN AIRSHIP?

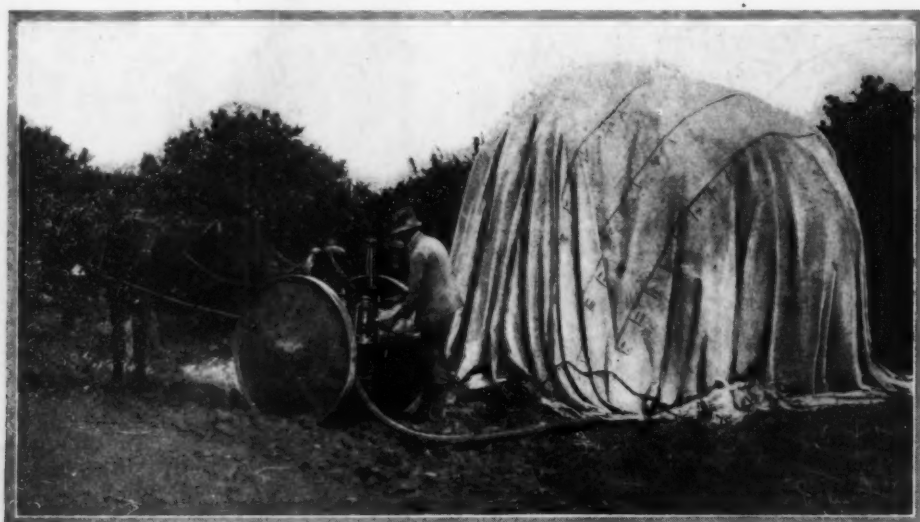


A REAL HE-COP. ARRESTING A MAN WHO HAS STOLEN A LOAF OF BREAD IS EASY COMPARED WITH THIS.



THE ROOF ACROSS THE WAY—THOUGH HE HAVE 20,000 PAID ADMISSIONS, A CLUB-OWNER IS SAD WHILE THAT ROOF FLAUNTS ITS SQUATTERS.

# The California Orange Crop



Once a year, the trees are covered with tents and fumigated to kill scale

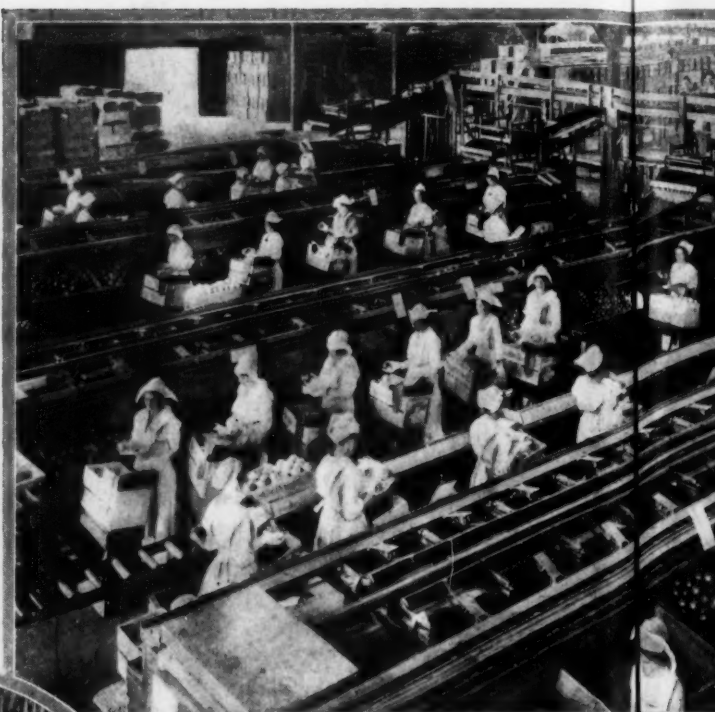
insects. Hydro-cyanic gas is discharged under a tent kept on the tree forty-five minutes.



In emptying a picker's sack, the flap at the bottom is unbuttoned and the sack is lifted from around the fruit to avoid dumping and bruising.



The orange trees are sprouted from seeds sown in a frame. A lath-shelter safeguards them from violent storms or too much southern sun.



Care in packing oranges is even more important than care in picking them. To avoid scratching the fruit, the packers wear gloves, and each box of oranges is filled according to

definite a  
The girls  
wrap each  
shows ev



The sort of natural contrast that is the glory of California ground of snow. Irrigation tells the story, the tender sto



An orchard of young orange trees which have been set out but a few months. These trees have grown from seed in a little

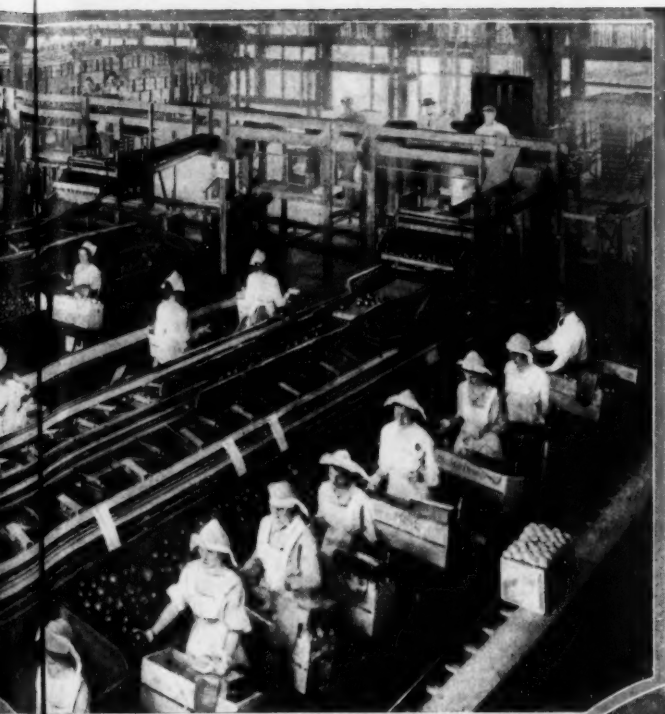
more than three years. Nowhere are soil and climate better adapted to orange-growing than in southern California.



From sources hundreds of miles distant, comes the water and prosperity to its grower. Some orchards, however, c



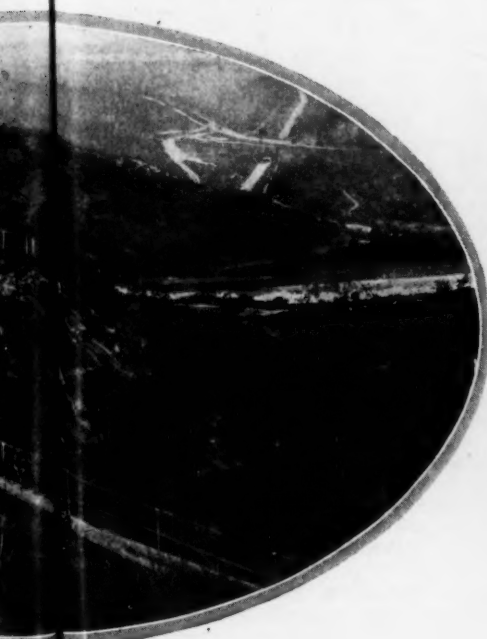
# From Seed to Packing-Box



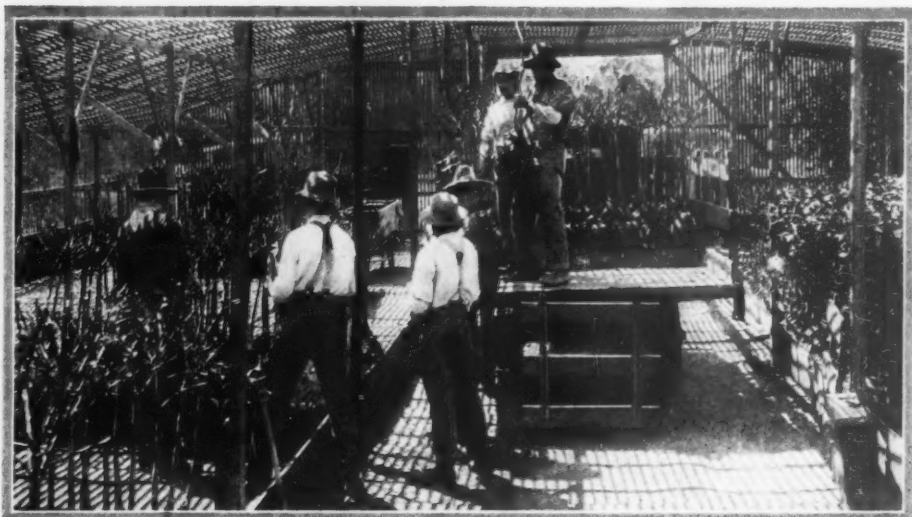
definite arrangement, varying with the size. The girls take the fruit from the bins and wrap each orange in tissue. The picture shows every stage of the packing process.



glory of California—acres of oranges on a back-  
yard, the wonder story of California's golden grove.



comes the water which is life to the orange tree  
chards, however, derive their supply from wells.



After the small trees in the nursery have been thoroughly lathered and scrubbed, an important cleansing process, they are tied

into bags, and put on trucks, for shipment to the growers.



After oranges are packed, they are placed in a cooling-room. When the temperature there has been reduced, the fruit is conveyed to an iced car.



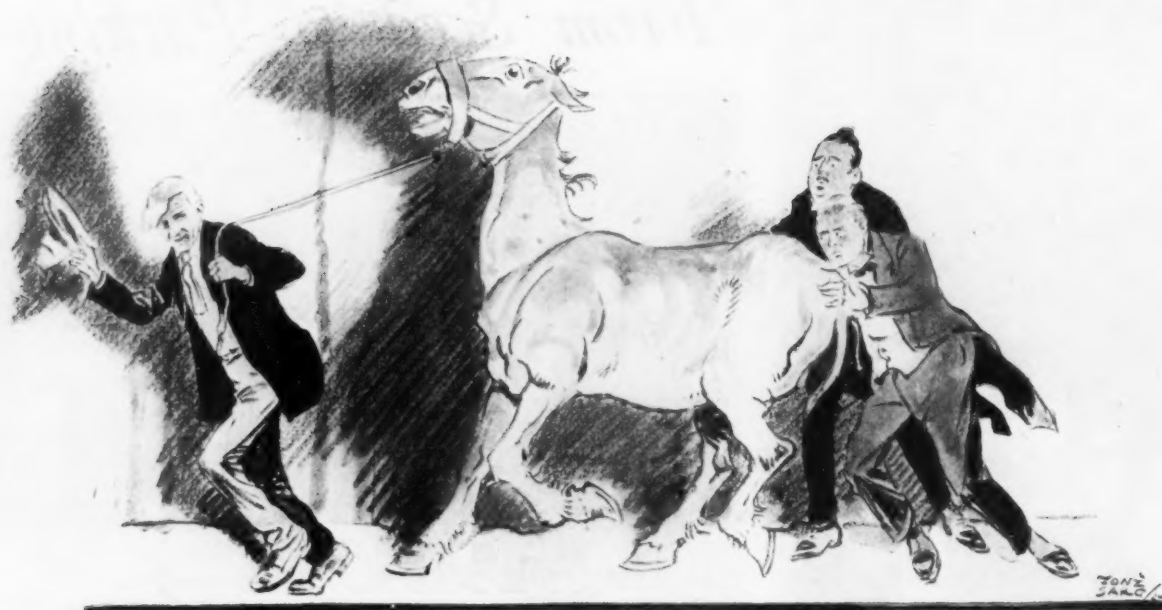
An orange tree's overcoat. All manner of precautions are taken, and sometimes guards are placed about the trunks of young trees to protect them from the sun, and from rodent animals which destroy.



To those who recall H. G. Wells's "War of the Worlds," these may suggest a surprise attack by Martians, but in reality they

are stoves, sitting up with delicate orange trees on a cold night. Heaters keep the orchard temperature above danger point.

© Keystone



"All of us worked at that horse between our turns on the stage, tugging and prodding at him, till finally we got him up."

# "AWFUL MOMENTS I HAVE MET"

Fifteen Famous Comedians Describe How It Feels When Something Goes Wrong and You Have an Audience on Your Hands

As Told to LAWTON MACKALL

Illustrated by TONY SARG

**A**CCIDENTS will happen in the best regulated comedies. When they do, somebody has to do some quick thinking, or he will be a good deal funnier than he had planned to be; and no actor is comfortable in being quite that funny.

Barney Bernard enjoys getting laughs with a telephone, but one night in placid Philadelphia Alec Bell's chatty little invention went back on him. Not central's fault this time, but the property man's, who clean forgot to put the instrument on the stage; and when it was almost time for His Honor Abe Potash to call up the bank and ask about the extension of the fatal notes, there was no 'phone in sight. Somebody offstage, awaking to the awful oversight, rushed to the property room, grabbed the missing link of the drama and, standing in the wings held it out frantically, calling: "Pst! Pst! Barney! Smuggle it in under your coat!"

His Honor, in the midst of the scene, already had considerable under his coat in the shape of a false abdomen. He was Abe Potash, not Herman the Great. An actor, y'understand, is something else again from a dealer in magic novelties. Yet Barney Bernard can give samples of not only plain, but fancy acting. He held the attention of the audience over in the far front corner of the stage while somebody else sneaked in with the 'phone (concealed like a bottle of booze) and slipped it on to a table at the back—not the big council table out front where it belonged. Then His Honor wiped away the cold perspiration and had his call. Oi, what a service!

Since which panic he has made it a point of going on the stage before the curtain rises to take a pre-inventory, to see that all the goods which will be in demand are in stock.

In an emergency Bernard has a great advantage over most comedians in that he has been Abe Potash, in one play after another, for seven years, so that being Abe Potash has become second nature to him. And anything he does or says as Abe people will laugh at. Thus recently when an actor in his company failed to show up on the stage at the proper moment, Bernard himself walked on and faked, to fill the gap—pretending to look for a lost button. The audience was kept amused and did not suspect that anything had gone wrong.

An audience is quite docile if you know how to handle it. Sam Bernard (no relation to Barney), that violently amusing little man whose exuberance breaks out in conceptions and explosions, declares that a comedian must make his spectators part and parcel of the show. "De audience makes de show. You got to haf deir pulse. If dey die on you, you got to switch quick to something else. But if you got dem vit you, never mind vat happens. At de old Weber & Fields Music Hall ven de nights vent out, ve yust told jokes in de dark till dey fix de trouble.

"Yes, de audience is like a tonic, a drug. It makes you feel vat you should say. Dere iss a scene in diss show 'As You Were,' vere dot feller Kiki, my rival, comes on vit a bokay for Miss Bordoni. Vun night ven he did dat I says to him: 'We'll haf no expense at all—you've brought your own flowers.' De audience laughed, so now I say dat line efry night. Dey liked it because I left dem to finish de joke in deir own minds. Nefer say de point of a joke; lead right up to de very point and den—(gesture) let dem tell it to demselves. Dat makes you and de audience so mixed up togedder it don't make no difference vat happens.

"De oder day my mustache got loose and Miss Bordoni vispered to me—she says de cutest tings ven she

tries to talk English—"Your mustache, eet ees going away." I laughed so hard I almost lost it for sure."

Another actor who refuses to be ruffled by mishaps is old Frank Bacon. His easy-going assurance—a sort of lazy-appearing doggedness—which makes Lightnin' Bill Jones a delicious character, is as real off stage as it is on.

"Mother," he drawled, "what were some funny experiences we been through in de cid days? She knows more about what's happened to me than I do."

Brisk little Mrs. Bacon thought a moment. "There was that time in 'Quo Vadis.'"

"Oh, yes. I was playing Chilo Chilomodes in 'Quo Vadis' years ago. In the last act I was supposed to accept Christianity and jump down into the amphitheater where the bull was. It was a twelve-foot jump and there was always a mattress for me to land on. Well, one night I was perched up there on the platform and I raised my arms as usual and yelled, 'I believe!'—when I looked down where I was to jump and saw there wasn't any mattress. So I said out of the side of my mouth, 'Get a mattress.' None of the stage hands moved, so I stayed up there and repeated: 'I believe!—Get a mattress!'—till I could hear 'em growling: 'Push the old guy off!' But I stuck, repeating: 'I believe!—Get a mattress!' till they did bring it, and then I jumped down.

"One time in Miles City, Montana, we almost didn't have any orchestra. The only orchestra there was in that theater consisted of one man playing the piano, and when we arrived we found that this fellow had beat up his wife and got put in jail. The sheriff happened to be an Elk, and I persuaded him to bring his prisoner to the theater for that evening. So the musician played with his leg chained to the leg of the piano, and with the sheriff sitting in the front row behind him. Sheriff leaned over and asked him how he liked the show. 'On, hell,' he says, 'take me back to jail!'"

"Tell him about that time in 'The Private Secretary' when you forgot your lines," suggested Mrs. Bacon.

"Most ruined the show. There was a scene where Mother asked me: 'Where is Mr. Spalding?' Now everything depended on where this Mr. Spalding was, but when she asked me that question, I just couldn't remember

## Funny Stories Told in This Article By:

Barney Bernard	Otis Skinner
Frank Bacon	Fay Bainter
Florence Moore	Marjorie Rambeau
Roland Young	Leo Ditrichstein
Donald Brian	Willie Collier
Clifton Crawford	Sam Bernard
Edward Nicander	Peggy Wood
Wallace Eddinger	

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Inanimato  
'Sybil,' rec

TONY SARG



what answer I was supposed to give. Well, after she had asked me over and over, I had to say something; so I said: 'He went over the hill in a boat.'

Mrs. Bacon left the room and he began to change to his 'Lightnin' attire. "The income-tax man told me I could allow something off for depreciation of wardrobe," he remarked parenthetically, "but I had to admit that these clothes are getting more perfect for the part all the time. This safety pin, now, that I pin these pants with—it's shinier now than when I started using it nearly two years ago. Let me see, when I was in Seattle, once, we had a horse in the play. I hitched him to a piece of profiling that represented the wall of a house. He was probably tired from hauling our baggage. At any rate, right in the middle of the act he walks off, taking the house along with him clear out of the theater."

"What on earth did you do?"

"Chased down the street after him and brought him and our house back again."

"Another horse that helped to make life interesting was one out in Colorado that didn't want to climb the stairs of the theater. There was no runway to take him up. When he balked the house manager did, too, refusing 'e count up' because we'd advertised that there was a horse in the play. He said unless we made good, we wouldn't get our money. So all of us worked at that horse between our turns on the stage, tugging and prodding at him, till finally we got him up. He was supposed to appear in the first and second acts, but by the time he arrived in the wings it was the third act, with a drawing room set; but we led him across the stage anyhow, to collect our money."

## A Cat Tale

**I**N another place out West we had almost as strenuous a time with a cow. We finally did get her upstairs, but we never did get her down again. When we left town she was still in the theater. For all I know she may be there yet."

Even small creatures can cause complications, if not consternation. Florence Moore was once eliciting perfectly good laughs, when she discovered that she was no longer the center of interest. A roving cat had appeared in the stage fireplace and was poised on the *qui vive* upon the illuminated glass embers. Undaunted by menacing looks from Miss Moore, puss played a telling scene of her own, both upstage and downstage and under the furniture, concluding with a galloping exit.

Roland Young had a somewhat similar but more harrowing experience with a child intruder. "One night in 'Buddies' I was in the midst of the scene on the bench where Louise and I talk over old times, when all of a sudden I saw a youngster about six years old climb out of the front box on the other side and begin to crawl toward me on his hands and knees along the narrow ledge in front of the footlights. I was petrified. I hardly know whether I said my lines or not. And that is the one time in the play when I am supposed to be perfectly cool and confident! Well, after what seemed about five years, the kid stopped and slowly backed to the box, where somebody grabbed him. But I was a wreck for the rest of the performance."

Inanimate objects too, can spring raw surprises. "In 'Sybil,'" recounts Donald Brian, "there was a scene where

Julia Sanderson and I drank tea together. We called it the samovar scene, because we used a large, picturesque-looking Russian samovar. Every evening at this point in the show I would pick up the tea-table, which had on it this big brass affair and the cups and what-not, and I'd set it down near Miss Sanderson for her to pour the tea. One night when I picked up the table and was carrying it toward her, one of its three legs dropped out. Imagine the fix I was in! I couldn't set the blame thing down, and I couldn't hold it much longer. I just stood there perspiring, with the audience staring at me. Then a lucky thought came to me. The sofa where Miss Sanderson was sitting was about the right height! I made it do for the missing leg, and I was saved. The audience was so glad to see me get myself out of this pickle that they gave me as hearty a round of applause as I ever got."

It is mighty true that when an actor needs a friend (as Briggs would say), if he shows spunk and quick wit, he will endear himself doubly. The late Clifton Crawford told of a zero minute when he longed for a trapdoor to let him sink out of sight. "It was the opening night of 'The Three Twins' at the old Herald Square Theater. I, by the way, am the rottenest first-nighter in the world. Right in the middle of the show my false mustache fell off. I'd been nervous about it anyway, as it was the first time I had ever worn any facial foliage, and when it dropped off I felt I was a goner. Shaking all over, I picked the damn thing up and balanced it on my lip as though I were a juggler—and got a laugh. Oh, how I blessed them for that laugh!"

False hair is ever an uncertainty. "In a stock company that I once played in," relates Edwin Nicander, "there was an actor who wore an old white wig. He had worn it so long that there was a hole in the side which he would patch every evening with cotton batting. One night he showed up late in a rather squiffed condition, and couldn't find his cotton. As there was no time to lose, the stage manager did some emergency patching with feathers from a sofa cushion. All through the performance that actor moulted—and we others bedeviled him by blowing at him on the sly, for the fun of watching the feathers flurry."

## George Gaul's Hot Bath

**T**AKING an unholy delight in a fellow player's absurd predicament is a popular stage emotion.

In "Kismet" there was a tank in which Otis Skinner, as the beggar, nightly drowned his enemy. As several persons, including two ladies, had to jump into this tank, Skinner had the chill taken off the water by steam heat, so that no one would be put to discomfort. But one evening the ladies, who took the plunge first, reported to George Gaul, who was due to drown later, that the water was decidedly warm. So somebody was sent down to turn off the steam. Instead of turning it off (as had just been done by the assistant stage manager) this person unwittingly turned it on again; with the result that when Gaul jumped into the tank he gave an impersonation of reddening lobster. And Skinner, seeing his enemy splutter and swear, wickedly stretched out his part.

Sometimes it requires fortitude to keep a straight face. Playing *Juliet* in a city of the Middle West, Fay Bainter once found it hard to stay grave in the tomb scene. "I was lying on the glass slab with light coming up from below and looking as wan and ethereal as I could, when I heard my *Romeo*, who had duly stabbed himself and settled down on the floor to die beside me, get up and move to another spot and then expire all over again. His first dying place was on a tack."

"In a Viennese operetta the hero, in a gold-braided uniform and shiny boots, was supposed to salute me gallantly and then march out in a military manner. But when he clicked his heels together, his spurs locked, and he had to hop out. And I was expected to give him a romantic look as he departed!"

Marjorie Rambeau once had things catch even more upsettingly. "It was in my barnstorming days. We carried two trunks of analine-dyed scenery. In those two trunks were fifteen scenes of a Biblical play. The author of the play painted the scenery, played



the leading part, made the costumes, and had a mangy fur collar on his overcoat.

"We never played longer than one night in any place, and perhaps it was just as well for us that we didn't. The performance of which I speak was given at Clay City, Missouri. I was taking the part of an angel—the angel who appeared to Paul when he was in prison. The scene was made by a drop (one of the pieces out of one of the two trunks we were so proud of). This drop represented the back wall and had a center door entrance, an arch, through which I made my entrance when I appeared to Paul in a vision. I was dressed in a long, flowing cheesecloth robe and wore a halo made of many little electric lights on a heavy head-band of lead. To make the vision complete I carried a cross which was also illuminated. These were attached to a leather belt about my waist, from which ran a heavy cable carrying the electric current. Though the audience couldn't see it, this cable trailed after me like a tether. The robe of the angel so completely enveloped me that I always felt safe in wearing my street clothes underneath."

"The night of which I speak I made my entrance through the center arch in absolute darkness, as usual, and as soon as I had gained my position on the stage the current was thrown into the cross and halo and my scene with Paul ensued—a scene that was not without a certain spiritual and reverential beauty. Then the lights went out and I proceeded to make my exit, and the drop was drawn up into the fly loft. This night, however, the stage hand placed for this particular drop was over-ambitious and hauled it up the moment the lights went out, before I had time to complete my retreat through the archway, which had a sill formed by the heavy batten that ran through the bottom of the drop. As this sill went up it carried aloft my electric tether, which crossed it; and where my tether went, I had to follow. Before I could give any warning the lights went on, and there I hung upside down in mid-air, with street shoes showing and the cross and halo flying about my head. Howls of laughter came from the 'show-me' Missouri audience. It was my last appearance in Missouri, and my last appearance in a Biblical play."

## When the Pianist Got Drunk

**T**HOUGH never yanked aloft in this manner, Leo Ditrichstein was once very much up in the air as the result of over-zealousness back-stage. "In the second and third acts of 'The Concert' I pretended to play the piano, while a professional musician actually played a piano behind the scenes. The instrument on the stage was placed with the keyboard out of view, and this fellow and I had practiced the trick so many times that I was able to fool about half the audience into thinking it was I making the music. But one night this pianist got quite drunk. Instead of playing the pieces we always played, he played others—the most unexpected things—one after another. It was impossible to guess what would come next. If

Concluded on page 56



# PEN and INKLINGS

by  
Oliver Herford

Illustrations by the Author

## A Mysterious Illustration

IN last week's LESLIE's there appeared among my Pen and Inklings a picture that should be remembered if for no other reason than that there was nothing to remember it by. No title, no caption, no verses, not even so much as the smallest explanatory foot-note accompanied this picture of a merry gentleman of the late B.C.'s, laurel-crowned and grinning recklessly over the pages of a very small volume. I say recklessly because the broadening of that grin by even so much as the measure of a titter (which is of the bigness of two ha-has) would spell decapitation.

The element of Mystery is one of the greatest antidotes against Oblivion. The most sensational murder, unless it be well steeped in mystery will lose all its freshness in a week and in less than a month will be almost forgotten. And were it not for the mystery conferred upon this picture of mine through the accidental omission of a caption, I should be fatuous indeed to expect any one, in these rapid days, to show an interest in a relic of such antiquity, bearing as it does the mould-incrusted date of a week ago!

I might be tempted to prolong the interest (if there be any, and I notice that the Reader isn't saying anything) by suppressing the explanation, but in justice to Mr. F. P. A., the distinguished holder of the St. Simon Stylites Altitude Cup and Whom-Detective of the New York Tribune, I will now explain that the puzzle picture of last week's LESLIE's is a faithful likeness of the well-known gentleman-farmer and poet Quintus H. Flaccus reading aloud to himself from the latest work of his great modern interpreter Franklin P. Adams.

There were verses, too, that I wrote to go with the picture, but as I neglected to steep them in mystery, they did not keep. It may have been the thunder storm; anyway they became quite curdled and I had to throw them out.

The poem that so particularly delights Mr. Flaccus in F. P. A.'s book is the paraphrase of his own famous Tu Quoque dialogue in which the intimate lovers' quarrel of Horace and Lydia becomes a long-range affair waged across the Atlantic by a Doughboy and his Girl at home. Boys and girls at the painful but necessary age of love-making are the same in every land and in every age, as Charles Hanson Towne once said, and the old Horatian booze loses none of its kick when rebottled by F. P. A., though there is a discernible difference in flavor.

This is a sample of the Adams bottling—

Horace, Pvt. —th  
Infantry, A. E. F.

WHILE I was fussing you  
at home  
You put the notion in my  
dome  
That I was the Molasses Kid.  
I batted strong. I'll say I  
did.

LYDIA, ANYBURG, U. S. A.  
While you were fussing me  
alone



NEXT TO HIS OWN POETRY HORACE ENJOYS THE F. P. A. VERSION.

To other boys my heart was  
stone.  
When I was all that you could  
see  
No girl had anything on me.

HORACE

Well, say, I'm having some  
romance  
With one Babette of Northern  
France.  
If that girl gave me the com-  
mand  
I'd dance a jig in No Man's  
Land.

But if you think that I'm going to quote any more, Dear Reader, you are very much mistaken. It is against the rules of the American Federation of Poets. You must buy a copy of the book for yourself. The title is "Something Else Again" and Doubleday, Page and Co. are the Publishers.

## Something New Under the Sun

WHEN King Solomon in all his boredom cried, "There is no new thing under the sun," cigarettes, chewing-gum, the thermos-bottle and the "snapper" for fastening ladies' frocks—(an indispensable thing when one has several hundred wives)—were yet to be invented.

Neither so far as we can learn, and Solomon who knew and could address in its own language every flower and tree in existence, ever heard of the Tutti-Frutti Tree.

There is to my certain belief only one tree in existence answering to that name, and I christened it myself. I am its Godfather.

In the heartmost heart of the fruitful Paradise of New Jersey stands a small but ancient stoned cottage that has come to regard me as its lord, and on Squire Williams's estate, whose verdant acres lie just outside my garden fence, grows this Tutti-Frutti Tree.

Once it was a young Apple Tree. It is still young, but as the result of a series of sap transfusions it is also several other kinds of tree, and when it grows up it will bear apples, quinces, two kinds of pears peaches and, I believe, plums—almost everything in fact except Water Melons.

Someday a future Stevenson (mayhap little Buddy Williams) will immortalize it in verse something after this fashion,

The Tutti-Frutti Tree so bright,  
It gives me fruit with all its might,  
Apples, peaches, pears and quinces,  
I'm sure we should all be happy as princes.

It's quite absurd, of course, but just suppose the Tree of Knowledge in that first Garden had been a Tutti-Frutti Tree instead of an Apple Tree! With seven separate kinds of fruit to choose from, all equally forbidden and, for that reason, equally desirable, how could Eve ever have decided which one to pluck?

And with Eve's hesitation Sin would have been lost to the world!

Let us give thanks that the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil was not a Tutti-Frutti Tree!



WITH SEVEN SEPARATE KINDS OF FRUIT TO CHOOSE FROM.



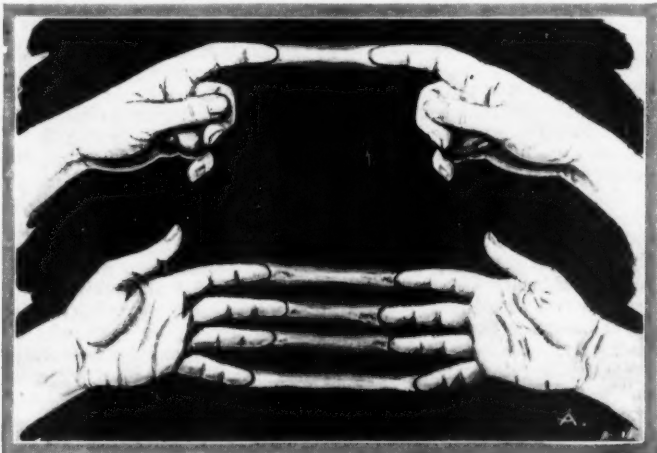
# Odd Facts in The World of Science

Edited by

HERWARD

CARRINGTON, PH. D.

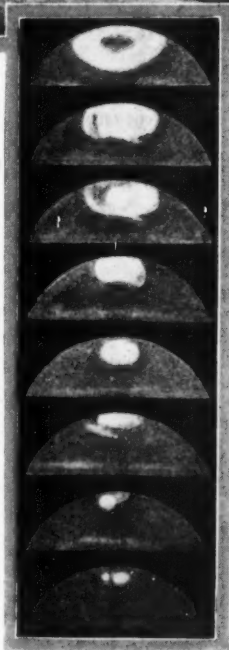
THAT the human body has a radiating atmosphere, emanation or "aura" has long been held; and, some months ago, I gave on this page a brief account of some scientific experiments undertaken by D. Kilner, electrician of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, in which, by the aid of chemical screens, it was possible to study the aura issuing from the nude human body. More recently, the "aura" emanating from plants, blades of grass, etc., were photographed, and these photographs were likewise reproduced, for the first time, in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. A simple experiment will enable the reader to test the reality of this aura for himself. Hang a black cloth upon the wall, or over the back of a chair. Have the room lighted from only one source, fairly low down, on the opposite side of the room, and sit facing the black cloth, with your back to the light, in such a position that your body throws your hands into shadow, when they are held in front of you against the cloth. Now, place the tips of the four fingers of one hand against the tips of the fingers of the other hand (the thumbs need not touch) and keep them thus tightly pressed together for about fifteen seconds. Now, slowly separate the fingers, drawing them apart, when fine, misty, white vapor-like streams may be seen to extend from the tips of the fingers of one hand to the fingers of the other—becoming more and more attenuated, or thinner, as the hands separate, until they finally break and snap off altogether. If, after separating the hands, they be moved up and down slightly, the misty bands can be seen to follow the hands, showing that it is not a mere optical illusion. This may be repeated any number of times, and practically every one can see the aura, visible by this means. The great point to remember is that the hands must be in more or less darkness (shadow) and they must be pressed together firmly for at least ten or fifteen seconds before they are separated. This will be found much stronger with some individuals than with others—showing their naturally psychic qualities



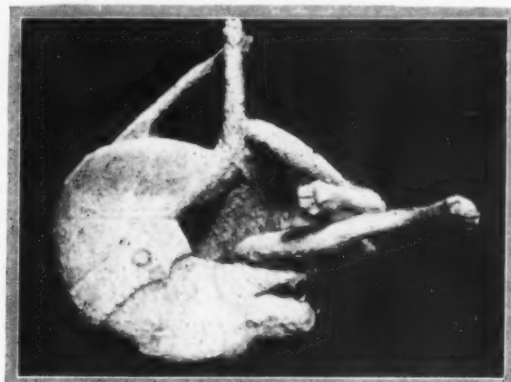
The "aura" from the finger-tips.



Sun-motors used to heat water; thus utilizing the heat of the sun and saving fuel. The mirrors catch the sun's rays, and focus them upon the water, which is thereby heated. The steam which is generated in this manner is conducted to the engine house, seen in the right-hand corner of the picture. Some of these days the tremendous power lying latent in the heat of the sun will undoubtedly be utilized on an extensive scale.



It is now autumn upon Mars, and the first snow of the season, on that planet, recently fell, it has been announced by Professor William H. Pickering, of Harvard College Observatory. On Mars, the snow falls at the "poles," which become covered as shown above.

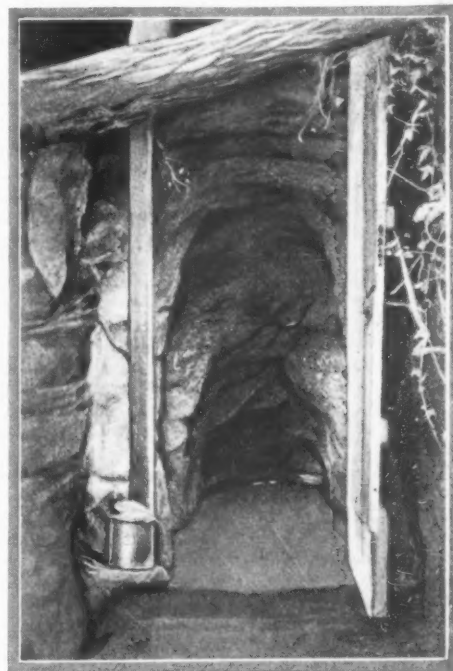


Among the oddities which were unearthed in Pompeii as the result of these recent excavations, perhaps none is more curious, and in a sense pathetic, than the figure of the dog, caught by the heated lava, and twisted and curled, in its fierce death struggle, as shown in the accompanying strange photograph.

it strikes it. This principle is made use of in the solar heating apparatus shown above.

In the near future, the heat of the sun will doubtless be utilized on a very extensive scale in many industries.

ABOUT a couple of hours' carriage drive from Naples (Italy) is the celebrated "Cave of Dogs," a photograph of which is reproduced herewith. The floor of the cave slopes rapidly downwards, so that in a few steps one has descended five or six feet below the level of the entrance. The remarkable characteristic of this cave is that its walls are very porous, and permit the exudation into the cave of various poisonous vapors and gases (chiefly carbonic acid gas), which gases are destructive to life. If a man walks into the cave, he is safe until his head descends below the level of the heavy gas, but immediately he does so, he begins to suffocate. Carbon dioxide (carbonic acid gas) is very heavy, and settles upon the floor of the cave, and can easily be seen, as a sort of whitish mist, level with the outer air. This gas can be scooped up in a bucket and carried about like water, and guides often take out a bucket of this gas, and carry it into the open air, when they will immerse a lighted torch in the gas, and it is at once extinguished; or they will pour it over the lighted torch with the same result. Slaves were once executed there.



The poisonous "Cave of Dogs" near Naples.

## Awful Moments I Have Met

(Concluded from page 53)

reached toward the right as though tinkling a soft arpeggio in the treble, he would be sure to bang a heavy chord in the bass. And he kept on and on. Each time I started to get up and leave the instrument, he would begin a new fortissimo. At last some one grabbed him and dragged him off the piano stool. But I, on the stage, could not see this, and for a long time I was afraid to budge, thinking he might start again. Next act I wore my arm in a sling as an excuse for not playing."

There is one comedian on the American stage who positively relishes the unexpected. To Willie Collier it is the spice of life. If a show of his has been running with perfect regularity for several weeks, he begins to feel the need of novelty and deliberately shakes things up. Every line he is scheduled to spring is subject to change without notice—which keeps the fun flexible.

An account of his merry misadventures and offhand surprises would fill a large folio. Here are a few typical incidents.

"About the first thing I ever did on the stage was to ruin a show and get fired for it. The play was 'Odette,' given by Augustin Daly's company. I played a French waiter. All I had to do was bring in a tray of drinks to three men who were plotting a murder. As I made my entrance and the folding doors were closed behind me, my long coattails got caught. There I was stuck. I reached back with one hand holding the tray wobblingly with the other, and tried to unfasten the door. No use. I couldn't keep standing there all night holding up the show, so I gave a tug and off came both tails, tearing the coat into a short Eton jacket. Then I passed my drinks and tried to make my exit. Couldn't. Those coattails had put the lock out of commission. Even tried to duck out through the fireplace. Finally, seeing I just couldn't get out, I settled down in a chair and pretended to fall asleep, so the villains could go on with their murder plot.

"Next morning one of the papers said Daly showed rotten taste in introducing such low comedy stuff into a serious drama.

"Another time, I played a waiter in the grande fête scene in 'Mankind,' handing round a tray of ices made out of cotton, when some smart Alec actor threw in a lighted match, and I had to chase out with a young bonfire. This time it was he, not I, that got bounced.

"In those days I was scared to death at anything that happened, but later I learned to take things as they came without worrying. For instance, when we were in Syracuse getting 'I'll Be Hanged if I Do' ready for New York, the electricity went back on us entirely and we had to play an act and a half in the dark, carrying lanterns and flashlights to let the audience know where we were. It was fun. In one part of the play I was thrown into a closet with the line: 'And now, Percy, see if you can get out of that!' 'How can I,' I answered, 'when I can't see anything anyway.' But we got through, and one of the Syracuse papers came out with: 'Willie's Show is Out of Sight.'

"Once we arrived in Winnipeg at seven o'clock—the train was hours and hours late—and we didn't get our stuff to the theater till nine. Luckily the audience was still there. I stepped out in front of the curtain and apologized and told 'em if they didn't mind getting out at 11:30 instead of 10:45 we'd like to give 'em the whole show. 'Some of you must know places that keep open after eleven!' I said. 'And now we'll show you how we set the stage in a hurry.' Then the curtain went up on absolute bareness, and the stage hands hustled on and assembled the set for the first act. It was something new to the audi-

ence and they liked it; and the other three nights we played in Winnipeg we had to repeat it.

"Speaking of getting into complications over trains, I did a clumsy thing once that turned out better than it might have. I was playing with Ida Conquest in 'On the Quiet.' There was a scene where, after our secret marriage, I was leaving her to go to Yale to finish my education. Right in the middle of this parting I tripped over her dress. (It was in the days when the girls wore long ones.) She heard it rip and was so startled she exclaimed out loud: 'What are you doing?' 'I was getting on the train to go to New Haven,' I replied—and got a laugh.

"Afterward I apologized to her, but suggested: 'Let's do that regularly.' 'What! and ruin my dress?' 'Yes, I need that laugh. I'll pay for the dress.' And so the train service was on me.

"In this play, 'The Hottentot,' that I'm doing now we had some real excitement one evening. It was in Baltimore. Miss Carson and I have two important scenes together in the last part of the first act. This time, when she went off after the first of these scenes, she forgot about the second one—a person's mind plays tricks like that—and went straight to her dressing-room and changed to her costume for the next act. When it was time for the second scene, there was no sign of her. I was all alone on the stage and had to do something, so I rang for the butler. You know the comedy stuff we have in the play about his bringing me a rye whiskey every time I touch that bell. Well, this evening we kept it up for over five minutes, and if that rye hadn't been straight ginger ale, I'd have been in a fearful condition. At last Miss

Carson appeared—scared stiff, poor girl, and holding her dress together so it wouldn't fall off. (She hadn't taken time to fasten it.) I was supposed to grasp her hand fervently, but she whispered: 'Don't try to shake hands, or we'll get pulled!' But believe me, I was glad to see her!

"It's just as well that there is no horse on the stage in this play. I remember what a horse did to me in Philadelphia years ago in a musical comedy. We'd gotten the worst looking old plug we could find and covered him with lather. When he was brought on, I said (I was playing the part of a judge): 'Sheriff, finish shaving that horse.'

"There were a lot of low comedy gags in that scene that I managed to get laughs with. Trick properties and that sort of thing. There was a fake spring, banked with grass mats and surrounded with artificial foliage, where I would dip a big glass schooner and bring it up full of beer. Well, I was down close to the footlights getting off some parodies, when I noticed that the audience were laughing unusually hard and not at me. I turned around and there was that horse finishing up some Paris green shrubbery and making toward the grass mats of my spring. My gags were disappearing into his stomach. Give that horse ten minutes more and he'd have eaten the whole show and died of it, and we'd have had to be Philadelphians for the rest of our lives."

From all these experiences—and that of Peggy Wood, who tells how she had to "rewrite the play" *extempore* because the villain failed to appear; and of Wallace Eddinger, who describes how a farce that wasn't laughed at made an astonishing hit as a trick melodrama, so that the surprised players had to change their style in the midst of the performance—one realizes that every successful actor's mind must constitute an ever-ready repair kit, equipped for all emergencies.

profitably follow. "My father had often talked to me and told me that the State ought to have a big farm paper. I had thought a good deal about that myself, even as a boy," the governor told me. "One day a fieldman came out to our farm in Clay County. He solicited advertising from the breeders of pure-bred livestock in that community, and I had a long talk with him. I was sixteen or seventeen years old then, and the idea kept growing in my mind that some time I was to publish a farm newspaper. I had been in the agricultural school for some time when I heard that there was a position open on the old *Twentieth Century Farmer* in Omaha. I forthwith applied, but shortly received a letter stating that the company already had in view another man. I had the nerve to wire them to delay their negotiations with the other man until I could talk with them. I immediately took a train for Omaha. But I soon found that the train was going to be late, and so with a boyish sense of importance sent them another telegram that I would get there that evening.

"When I walked into the office it was supper time. Charley Rosewater, the publisher, was there. He had received both of my telegrams, but he told me that he did not have any time to talk. However, if I desired, I might ride out on the street car with him and state my case en route.

"One thing stands out in my mind. Mr. Rosewater asked: 'What salary do you want?' I remember that I replied: 'Just enough to live on to show what I can do.' I have always considered that to have been the strongest statement that I made in the entire interview, and it seemed to impress Mr. Rosewater a great deal. About a week later I received a letter stating that the company at length had decided to engage my services and

## The Youngest Governor

(Concluded from page 48)

that I would receive \$65 per month. That looked pretty big to me, a farm boy from the country, but it didn't look so big to me when I began to pay my own expenses. My duties were to visit the farmers in eastern Nebraska and pick up advertising of livestock sales and the like.

"About a month and a half later Mr. Rosewater called me into his office. 'Where's your expense account?' he asked. 'What's that?' I asked in genuine wonderment, having never been introduced to that expression before. 'I mean the money that you have paid out for railroad fare and lodging,' Mr. Rosewater replied. It had never occurred to me that the company was to pay my expenses as I traveled about the country and that was an entirely new thought. From that time on I felt I surely was 'in clover.'

In three years his salary increased to \$125 a month, and shortly afterward he resigned to edit *The Nebraska Farmer*, then a somewhat struggling paper with a circulation of perhaps only 15,000. That marked his real start in business, for what money he could save he used to buy up here and there a small interest in the paper that he was now working for. Mr. McKelvie was one of the first in the Middle West to put the business on a firm foundation and he determined on publishing policies which he has not varied to this day, while the circulation of the paper has passed the 100,000 mark.

Just as he had secured from his father the idea of some day running a big newspaper, he had received from his mother the idea that some day he might be a power in politics. "I had just settled down in Lincoln comfortably when one of

my neighbors decided that I should run for the city council," the governor said. "He called a caucus and there were just two others that came to the meeting. I had no political judgment and when election day came I hired an automobile, expecting to follow the time-honored custom of getting voters out to the polls. But I had nobody to haul. I heard of some fellows away off in one corner of the ward that ought to be brought in, so I sent after them. They were at work and the driver reported that he couldn't get them until supper time. I recall very well the sight of that automobile racing up to the polls in the evening with the two voters in it, but just as they got to the door, the polls closed. Those were the only two voters that I was able to bring in during the day, and they didn't vote. I was third among the three candidates when the primary election was over."

Just about that time a new ward was created in the city, and fortunately Mr. McKelvie lived in it. The man who had been elected to the council persuaded the mayor to appoint Mr. McKelvie. Shortly after he was elected to the legislature. This time he applied the information that he had secured in advertising and carried it out strictly as a publicity campaign. Cards were sent out asking people to vote, and out of thirty-two candidates for county offices in Lancaster County Mr. McKelvie stood second, which was quite an improvement over the record made for the city council.

At thirty-one years of age he was lieutenant-governor, and at thirty-seven years of age became governor. In a previous race for the Republican nomination for

governor he had been defeated. One will read in this story somewhat of the "stick-to-it-iveness" that has characterized the man. He hasn't always met the greatest success right in the start, but sooner or later has always come out on top. Unlike many publishers would have done, he has always refused to use his paper to advance his own political ends. His candidacy for an office is practically never mentioned in *The Nebraska Farmer*, and he has always desired that his policies should be discussed frankly and fearlessly.

The governor meets every one on the level. Any one may call at the State House and see the governor. When you call the chief executive on the telephone, you don't need to tell your name, address, and then give your biography in detail. A few weeks ago the governor rode to work from his palatial home in East Lincoln with the milkman. He is often at work before other people have thought of getting up.

In his private business Mr. McKelvie believes in hiring men, paying them well and leaving the job to them to be completed.

One of his first undertakings as chief executive was to abolish eleven boards and commissions and ten sub-divisions of departments and put the entire State affairs on a business basis, with six administrative departments, including finance, agriculture, trade and commerce, labor, public works and public welfare. Briefly, following out the party pledges, the entire State government was modeled on that of the United States, doing away with the numerous petty boards, commissions, and departments, each with a special work to do and in most cases with very little responsibility to any of the other work of the State. Under this system, the State government has saved \$10,000 every month out of the amount allowed it for running expenses by the legislature.



# We Need a National Pathfinder

By CHARLES AUBREY EATON

Associate Editor Leslie's Weekly

IT is a positive relief to great numbers of citizens to find that they will not be called upon to decide upon a program of startling innovations in this election. We have so many new problems to solve and the war has left us with such a mass of debris to be cleared away that we may well postpone any further attempts to regulate the universe until we have set our own house in order. We are greatly in need just now of sane, constructive statesmanship applied to vital questions already pending. A little old-fashioned American gumption and sense will act like oil on the troubled waters.

Throughout the whole war period and down to the present moment we have been in a state of nervous exaltation amounting almost to hysteria. What the average American dislikes instinctively is the conscious or unconscious hypocrisy which has poisoned the public mind from the beginning of the struggle in 1914. When Belgium was invaded every normal American knew that it was a crime of unparalleled malignity. But we were instructed that there must be no moral reaction to this crime. Everybody had to be neutral in thought and word. The thing smelled to high heaven, but we had to pretend that we did not notice the peculiar odor.

The sinking of the *Lusitania* was to all right-thinking men plain assassination, but again we were required to twist our unwilling souls into an attitude halfway between moral imbecility and intellectual cowardice. By that time we were supposed to have become too proud to fight and too good to think unkindly even of murder.

Meanwhile we were making loads of money out of the war. This was our right, and in some degree our duty, but the popular impression was cultivated with assiduous care that we were simply intoxicated with altruism and had only an incidental interest in the dollars. In that golden period it was almost wicked to take money even for speaking at Chautauquas, and American citizens were left to be murdered in Mexico, as a just retribution for their unholy desire to make money in that land of sordid commercial opportunity.

Then came the time when we had to fight. It was a plain proposition, which almost everyone understood. Either we must go over and help beat Germany in Europe or we should have to beat her later on here, without the help of either allies or associates. But even this ordinary, everyday proposition of fighting to defend ourselves from conquest managed to get itself sugar-coated and ethe-



As Director of the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board, an authority on industrial problems and the relations between capital and labor, Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton has ably served his country and his fellowmen. As Associate Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, he will discuss weekly the vital problems of the hour with his characteristic intelligence, vigor and fairness.

realized until we were all swelled up over the wonderful idealism of our fighting at all. We wanted nothing for ourselves. We were eighteen-karat altruists setting out to convince an erring brother of his mistake. Everybody knew better, of course, but it did not sound nice to say so. It would have been, as it ought to have been, a fight to a finish except that just before the decision everybody was called off to ascertain the meaning of the "Fourteen Points."

And since the armistice we have been drifting upon a sea of tepid sentimentality, roughened by an occasional squall of selfishness, without energy enough to get up steam, and with no one to lay a straight course for us back to work.

The first thing our country needs is to sober up and get to work. We have had a beautiful dream and it made us feel good. But even a great nation cannot get very far simply by feeling good. Dreams about wealth without work and the ushering in of the millennium by legislation may serve to lighten the tedium of the voyage in the steerage and saloon, but unless the ship's officers and crew keep on their job meanwhile, such dreams are apt to end in tragedy. We must shake off the hypnotic fascination of an imaginary abstract virtue which we do not possess and which we could not practice if we did possess it, and bring ourselves under the discipline of those simple homely virtues by which normal men work and live. We must take hold of our thorny problems with bare hands and, by practiced, honest, united effort, cleanse our minds of the delusions of an inhuman greatness.

Mr. Harding says that we need the benediction of wholesome common sense. In a recent address in Boston he used these words:

"America's present need is not heroics but healing; not nostrums but normality; not revolution but restoration; not agitation but adjustment; not experiment but equipoise. My best judgment

of America's needs is to steady down, to get squarely on our feet, to make sure of the right path."

This is sane doctrine. We need it. We need a Pathfinder in the White House. Until we get back on the main road progress is impossible. And this is why Mr. Harding will receive the support of Progressive and Conservative alike. In conserving the achievements of the past he will lay the only possible foundation for progress in the future.

## Hitting 'Em Out

In Spite of the New Rules There Are Plenty of Fat Batting Averages

By EDWIN A. GOEWEY

IF, as some married male authorities insist, woman is the quintessence of contrariety, then baseball, in future, must be considered as feminine in gender and spoken of as "she," for the old pastime actually is thriving upon an epidemic.

However, this epidemic is one of base hits, running the gamut from singles *pianissimo* to home runs sonorous; and no quarantine is being urged to prevent the further spread of the binging cataclysm, the fans, apparently, being content to permit the unexpected visitation to run its course. The only sufferers to date are the pitchers.

There was a time, so the valuable oldest baseball inhabitants tell us, when Dan Brouthers, Pop Anson, Ed Delehanty and certain of their confreres, after being inoculated with the germ of swat, so cluttered up the official scores with their hits and runs that the records placed opposite their names held their own against all comers for years, despite the persistent efforts of succeeding generations of ambitious batsmen to displace them.

One reason for this was that the old-time baseball rule tinkers were veterinarians instead of M.D.'s, and improperly diagnosed the needs of the then youthful sport and the desires of the fans. In a mistaken endeavor to infuse the game with more snap and excitement, changes in the rules were made which seriously handicapped the batsmen, but increased the privileges enjoyed by the pitchers. It was argued by those irresponsible for changing the order of things that, with the twirlers granted distinct advantages over those who faced them, it would require more skill to hit the ball, that safeties and runs would be, in the main, few in number, that scores would be smaller and closer and that, as a consequence, the interest of the fans would be more closely held.

Well, there were less hitting, fewer runs and closer

scores all right and the pitchers, secure in the fact that the rule makers were behind them, began to sit up evenings, thinking up new and variegated schemes in pitching which would make life for the batsmen one long nightmare. The various forms of curve pitching were O.K. and still deserve the hall mark of approval, but the pitchers did not stop at a slow, swift and curve ball. With the ingenuity worthy of a Teuton munitions maker, they concocted the bean ball, intended to be hurled straight at the head of the batsman, the emery, paraffin, shine, talcum, resin, licorice, mud ball and the "spitter," and if not checked they probably would have applied glue to the sphere before each toss so that, if hit, it would have stuck to the club.

Of course there were rules to check the unfair deliveries, but the *passé* ball players, oftentimes broken-down pitchers, who were drafted into the umpire corps, either never heard of restrictions or purposely closed their eyes to them, as the fans allege they do to most everything else which takes place on the diamond. To sum up, some of the practices indulged in by the pitchers were as deliberately dishonest as any seen at a race track, and were encouraged by team managers and winked at by owners.

The fans were the first to complain of the demise of the old-time, free-hitting games, and the efforts made to ham-string the batters. Then the sports writers forgot to concoct alibis for the home teams for a time, and joined the anvil chorus which was bent upon making the mound stars come right into the spotlight and work clean. Of course there was a howl from those twirlers who realized their ability to win and their salaries depended upon an unhampered continuation of unusual or tricky methods, and the team owners gave heed to their swan song, for theirs was to have their teams win games, and not to ask how or why.

Finally, after the armistice had been declared, the increased attendance at all of the big league ball parks and the attendant mounting of baseball profits all along the line following some lean and hungry seasons, convinced the magnates of the major organizations that the fans, as a class, were worth catering to a bit—or at least until the war-time losses were made up. Consequently, when in 1919 the cry for increased hitting and cleaner pitching was resumed, a commission was appointed to take up the vexed question and devise new rules for the game's improvement. Tricky pitching was put down for the full count by these august rule-framers, and an embargo was declared against the practice of discoloring or tampering with the cover of the ball. Only the hurlers of the "spitter" were exempted from the new edict, and these were given one year in which to reform and learn a new delivery.

Under the amended rules practically every contest features sufficient safe hits, including an astonishing number of extra-base clouts, to give the fans the action they longed for. The boys are "hitting 'em out," the fielders are on the move much of the time, there is action on the paths and only the really clever pitchers, those who possess curves and change of pace, are getting by with credit to themselves.

Those twirlers who depended upon freak deliveries and an ability to discolor or roughen the cover of the ball are getting their bumps good and proper, and with few tears being shed for them by those who pay to keep the turnstiles in motion. At this writing the records show that there are thirty-two men in the National League batting .200 or better and forty-two in the American organization doing the same thing. Probably this difference is accounted for by the fact that the National League has been getting the better pitching so far this season.

## Announcing the eagerly awaited MARGOT ASQUITH'S DIARY

© E. O. HOPPE



### "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb"

Written with the dash and fire of one who has lived to squeeze from each minute of life the satisfying joy of being, the Diary of Margot Asquith, wife of England's great Liberal, will register up to the keen expectations its heralded publication created on both sides of the Atlantic. She has promised herself to

*"write without fear or favor exactly what I think and with a strict regard to unmodeled truth"*

and her copy is English society and politics from the days of Gladstone down to the black hours of 1914 and the rumble of guns in France, as seen through the eyes of a woman of insight and rare wit. Here you see the great figures of your own day, handled without gloves, their foibles laughed at and most intimate conversations racily interpreted by an unconventional young girl who slyly smoked cigarettes and flirted with engineers on trains in Victorian days! She sat on Tennyson's knee and he read her "Maud" in unforgettable voice. Gladstone coached her as the wife-to-be of England's Premier, Balfour was an understanding friend through years of political turmoil and social warfare. And the much talked of "Souls" is intimately described by Mrs. Asquith, who was a leader of that curious circle.

Accounting for her limited musical accomplishments she ventures that

*"marriage and four babies, five step-children and a husband in high politics"*

do limit one's time and ambition, but seemingly in no other field of human effort does she fail to plunge with Rooseveltian vigor. In the fields, on the dance floor, or behind the tea cups of English politics, Margot Asquith, who writes of her outdoor life

*"I have broken both collar-bones, all my ribs, knee caps, dislocated my jaw, fractured my skull, gashed my nose, and had five concussions of the brain"*

is a forceful personality who hates timidity and indecision and feels the world her oyster. In the August issue, out July 15th.

## Metropolitan

Owing to paper restrictions editions of the Metropolitan will be limited. There are two ways in which you may be sure of your Metropolitan. Tell your news dealer to reserve a copy for you each month or send \$3.00 for a year's subscription to Metropolitan, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York.

## Motor Department

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M. E.

Readers desiring information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We answer inquiries free of charge.



When a wheel runs over smooth pavement the tread is worn but little. If this same tire is made to rub over smooth pavements the tread will soon disappear. When wheels are out of alignment a rubbing motion is included with the revolving motion, and the effect on the tire will very quickly be quite similar to that illustrated above.

### HOW TO SAVE MONEY ON TIRES

IV—WHEELS OUT OF TRUE

[NOTE:—This is the fourth of a series of articles which have been prepared for the Motor Department and which show how the tire user must co-operate with the manufacturer to obtain maximum service at minimum cost.]

**W**HENEVER two objects, bodies or people, that ordinarily are supposed to work in harmony with each other, go off on a tangent and begin to work at cross purposes, something or somebody is going to suffer. When two currents meet, woe to the small craft that is caught in the vortex. In western Kansas, when two winds begin to cross each other, the natives make for the cyclone cellars. When the On Leong Tongs and the Hip Sing Tongs indulge in their playful pastime of tossing hatchets and shooting lead at each other the innocent bystander gets himself in the hospital and his name in the papers.

And so when the wheels of an automobile which were made to run parallel with each other, get out of alignment and proceed to track in opposite directions, the poor tire is the first to suffer and a crimp is put in the pocketbook of the car-owner. Nothing will grind the tread rubber from a tire as quickly as the rasping action of a wheel out of line. The heaviest treaded tire will, if the wheels are sufficiently out of alignment, be worn down to the breaker strip in less than five miles. And strangely enough, in such case, it is extremely difficult to convince the car-owner that the abnormal wear is not due to the softness of the rubber.

Let us for a moment consider the reason why a side-swiping or oblique motion has a better cutting or wearing action. Take, for

instance, a razor. In shaving a man does not draw the blade straight down against the beard. Instead he draws the razor downward and obliquely. Barbers tell us that this is proper because the edge of the razor, when viewed under a microscope, resembles the edge of a saw. Then again the mechanic in filing a bit of metal finds that the cross motion with the rasp attains the result more speedily than were he to file in a straight line. Hence, a cross motion on the surface of a tire while it is speeding forward cannot help but literally grind the rubber from the carcass.

When a wheel is out of alignment the fact can be very easily determined before the tire has been completely ruined. The tread will wear off flat as though stripped

off with a knife, whereas in normal wear there is a slight curve in the tread, although it may already have run a considerable distance. However, it is obviously quite important that such a condition be remedied immediately, else the tire is prematurely consigned to the junk heap. It is undoubtedly a fact that at this very minute there are thousands of cars throughout the country whose wheels are out of true and whose owners are unaware of the fact. These men are certainly not getting the service they should from their tires.

As probably every one knows the front wheels of an automobile "toe-in." This is done because under the driving force the front wheels have a tendency to spread; hence, the "toe-in" was devised to offset this tendency. Usually the "toe-in" allowance is from three sixteenths to one-quarter of an inch for each wheel. However, when the

Continued on p. 60

#### DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why the connection of the electrical system with the frame is called the "ground?"

2. Which will have the greater power, an engine of 3-inch bore and 5-inch stroke, or one of 3-inch bore and 4-inch stroke?

Answers to these questions will appear in the next Motor Department.

#### ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. Why cannot an automobile engine run backward?

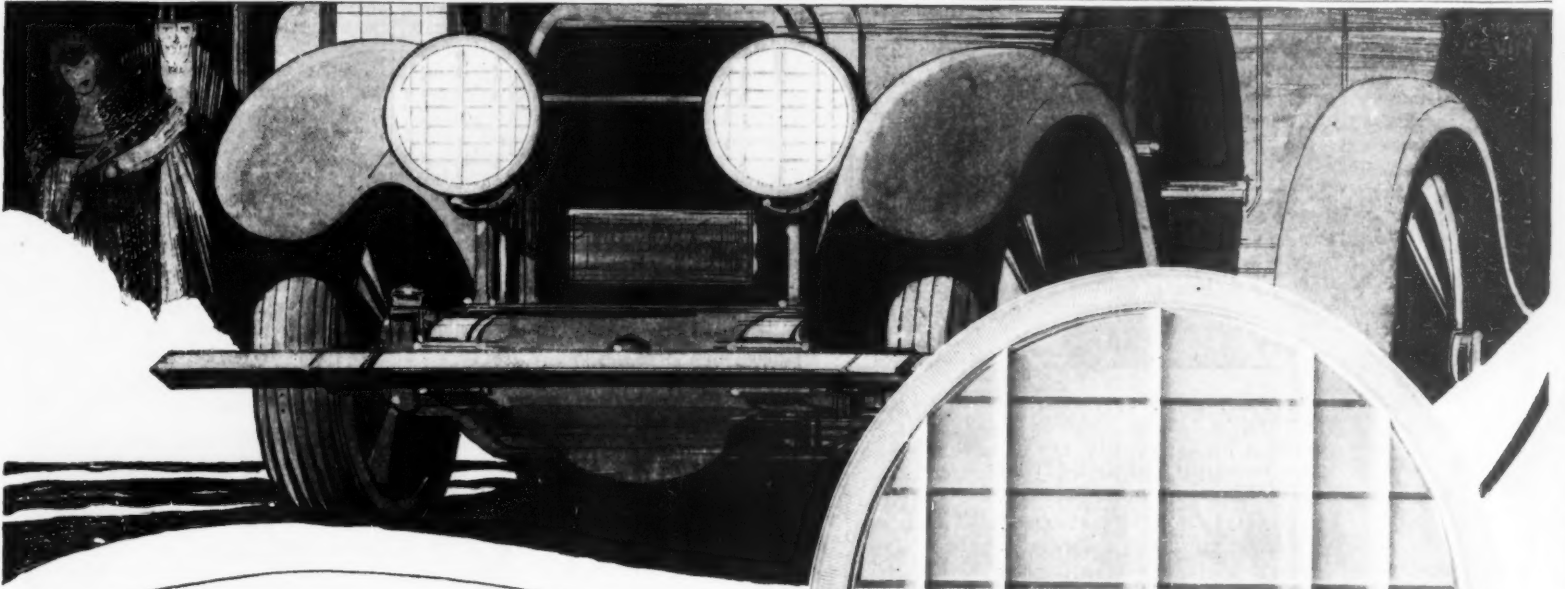
An automobile engine can be turned backward by an exterior force. As soon as it starts to run backward from its own explosions, however, the valve action is reversed and the charge will not be sucked into the cylinders at the proper time. In the case of a motor boat, however, in which every downward stroke is a power stroke, the engine can be run as easily in one direction as in the other.

2. Does a 6-inch tire have more than double the capacity of a 3-inch tire?

A 6-inch tire, provided it is of the same "ring" diameter, will have four times the capacity of a 3-inch tire. This is because the air volume is quadrupled when the diameter of a cross-section is doubled. Simple mathematics tell us that a 4-inch square having an area of 16 square inches is four times the size of a 2-inch square having an area of 4 square inches. In the same manner, if we increase the diameter of a cross-section of a tire three times, we increase its carrying capacity nine times.



# LIBERTY LENS



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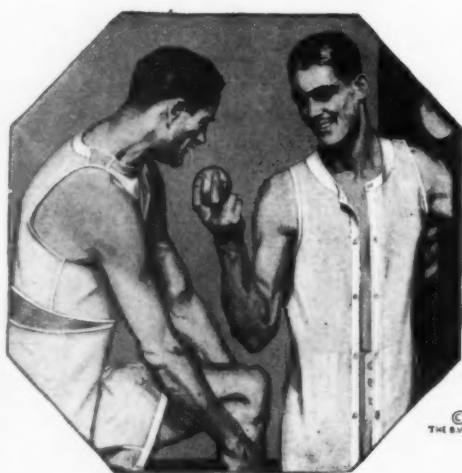
Jordan	Case
Daniels	Templar
Studebaker	Stanley
Winton	Cole
Paige	Moon
National	Standard
Peerless	Briscoe
Grant	Biltwell
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Jones	

### TRUCKS

Service Motor Truck
Selden
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## Motor Department

(Concluded from page 58)



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car is under full headway the wheels spread and become virtually parallel. Now then, it may be that the front wheels toe in too much and the owner may think nothing of it, knowing that a certain amount of pitch is necessary. When the degree of "toe-in" is excessive, however, the cause may be bent steering knuckles, a bent axle or a similar irregularity. Quite often, however, it will be found that the connecting rod to the steering knuckle is too long. The connecting rod is threaded at both ends where it is fitted to the steering knuckles and the remedy for wheels out of true is to shorten the rod until the position of the wheels is correct.

Now, then, it may be that the front wheels toe outward. In such case, it should be very evident even to the uninitiated that something is wrong. If no accident has occurred to the car it is quite likely that the connecting rod to the steering knuckle is too short and this defect can, of course, easily be remedied by lengthening the rod until the fault has been corrected. Most careful car owners check up the alignment of their wheels from time to time, which is a very wise habit, as many things are likely to occur that will throw the wheels out of line without the driver being otherwise aware of the fact. In checking up it is necessary to get the exact measurement between the wood felloes, holding the measuring stick inside the wheel and directly in front of the axle. Then get the measurement back of the axle. The difference between the front and the back measurement should not be greater than from three-eighths to a half inch. If it is found that the space between the wheels is greater, it is evident that the wheels are not in alignment and the fault should be immediately rectified.

It will also be noted that the front wheels of a car are cambered, or dished. That is, in plain English, the holes are bored in the hubs "on the bias." The object is to bring the points of contact of the tire tread with the road as nearly under the steering knuckle pivots as possible, the theory being that this position makes for easy steering and the turning of curves. The "dish" allowance varies from about an inch to an inch and three-quarters. This will explain why although the front tires "toe in" they wear down evenly rather than one-sided, as one would naturally but erroneously expect to be the case.

The accompanying illustration shows very clearly the appearance of a casing that has been injured by being used on a wheel that was not running in proper alignment. The tread has the same appearance as if it had been rubbed for some time with a rasp or placed against a buffing wheel.

It must not be thought, however, that excessive tread wear is always due to wheels out of alignment. Another very grave and common cause is wobbly wheels. A loose or worn hub disk or worn bearings

will cause a wheel to wobble or have more play than is necessary. This sets up a wavering or twisting motion as the wheel rolls over the ground, and with each twist of the wheel a part of the tread surface of the tire is scrubbed off.

In some makes of tires it is very easy to determine the fact that the wheel is wobbly. The surface of the tread, instead of wearing down smoothly wears down unevenly or in little hills and valleys. Some users are prone to condemn such a tire as defective. It would hardly be possible for every other inch of rubber on the surface to be imperfectly made while the intervening space is perfect.

Wheels that wobble are found mostly on small cars, although this does not mean that the larger cars are entirely



A spare tire has too often made a convenient "spare seat" for the uninvited guest. An accident to such a passenger might result in a suit for damages. Consequently, motorists are entitled to an attempt to protect the spare tire from its frequent conversion into a passenger carrier and to reduce their own liability to annoyance.

free from this evil. A wobbling or wavering wheel will wear out a tire in less than one-third the time it takes to wear it out in normal wear.

The rear wheels of a car are not as likely to become wobbly as those in front, and by the same token they are less likely to get out of line. However, when rear wheels get out of line they wear down faster than those in front under similar circumstances, because of the traction strain.

If it is thought that the rear wheels are out of alignment, it is suggested that the car be jacked up and some stationary object, preferably a pencil or a bit of chalk, be held within a fraction of an inch of the rim. Then spin the wheel, and if it is not true part of the rim will strike the chalk and other parts will not.

A wobbly wheel cannot always be determined by jacking up the car and spinning the wheel, since the wobble is more apparent when the weight of the car is upon the wheels. The practice of parking cars against curbstones is responsible for a great deal of wobbly and unaligned wheels, as the constant banging has a tendency to twist the wheels from dead center.



## A Two-Fisted Bo-Peep

(Continued from page 39)

with a little sickly smile an' thanks her with his eyes, an' the Alice Girl puts her hand in hers and kind of chokes up when she tries to talk. But Mis' Bascomb takes away her hand and spends her time in chasin' everybody out of th' room an' orderin' them to keep quiet on th' street.

"The next mornin' th' doctor come, the boys havin' picked him up on the road nearer than they had expected. He takes a look at Bud and shakes his head.

"Two weeks," he says. "Maybe a month. Just make him as comfortable as you can." But he don't say it to Alice, you bet. Alice thanks him so sweetly that he won't take a cent from her and rides over once or twice the next week to look at Bud.

"In the meantime Alice an' Mis' Bascomb takes turns nursin' him, an' th' girls hangs round th' door, tryin' to be helpful. There wasn't one o' those girls that wasn't pleased as punch when Alice'd ask 'em to make a bit o' gruel. An' when Bud'd thank 'em for bein' so kind they'd get all pink an' blush like they hadn't done for ten years. An' outside th' house the town went on like it was attendin' a Bible convention.

"But most o' 'em stayed and hung around th' eatin' house waitin' for the cool o' th' evenin' when that Alice Girl would come out for a little stroll.

"It was the only time that she could be got out o' Bud's room, and she used to spend it in walkin' round th' town an' explorin'. 'Quaint,' she called it, an' acted as though she loved it, which struck 'em all funny, knowin' that she'd seen real grand cities in th' East. She was a little worried about th' stores all bein' closed up, but Sam explained to her that it was th' slack time o' year and that the owners was all in San Francisco, or some such lie, and she took it all in just like what they said about Bud's lookin' so much better, or what a fine woman Mis' Bascomb was.

"Yep. I reckon if it had depended on nursin' Bud'd a' got well."

There was a long pause and the machine bounded from side to side of the road as Red stared straight ahead.

"Did he die?" I asked.

"Yep," he nodded. "Died real sudden in th' night, with Alice holdin' his hand an' Mis' Bascomb sittin' beside him, while Sam stood by the door like he did all night, in case he was needed sudden.

"Alice gives a little cry and he comes in and sees that everything is over and stands there like a statue not knowin' how to break it to her, but suddenly he sees that she knows. But instead o' screamin' or goin' into a faint, she just begins to sob soft-like an' then Mis' Bascomb's face quits lookin' like granite an' sort o' wrinkles up an' two big tears begin rollin' down her cheeks an' in a minute that Alice Girl is cryin' with her head on Mis' Bascomb's shoulder.

"Next day they has the funeral and Alice goes to it leanin' on Mis' Bascomb's arm while the girls bring up the rear sniffing into their pocket handkerchiefs, an' Mis' Winterbottom an' Mis' Stillson stands round sniffin' an' sayin' it had ought to be put a stop to. She goes home with Mis' Bascomb and the girls stand guard at the door an' won't let any one in to disturb the poor dear.

"But the next night Sam spends most two hours at my house gettin' shaved and slicked up and I gathers she is about to receive company. From what he says I figures that he's goin' over to protect her young innocence and make good his promise to Bud. But he comes back an hour later, his jaw set an' that red-hair o' his standin' on end.

"Did she say 'yes'?" I asks and he looks at me, grim-like.

"She did *not*!" he says. "She's gotten

so fond o' Mis' Bascomb that she won't leave. Says she reckons she'll stay and help run th' boardin' house.' For a time we sets there, starin' out into the dark an' smokin', then he fetches a groan. 'An' t' think I got her into it!' he says. 'An' her so young an' innocent that I couldn't even make her understand why she hadn't ought t' stay there.' His cheeks get kind o' pink. 'Not that I made a very good job o' explainin',' he says, embarrassed. 'But she says she's goin' t' stay.'

"An' how about bein' Mis' Sepulveda?" I asks real careless. He shakes his head.

"I didn't get a chance t' ask her," he admits. "There bein' some twenty others there all aimin' t' ask her th' same thing.' Sayin' which he tramps out th' door and grabs his horse for a hurry-up trip to his ranch which he's been neglectin' somethin' scandalous.

"An' sure enough, as he says, Alice stays on at Mis' Bascomb's, an' about two days later a sign goes up over the door sayin': 'Elite Restaurant,' that same bein' an imported word for eatin' house. And when the boys began crowdin' in to investigate they found the part of the house that used to be given over to drinkin' an' card games had been fixed up real nice with gray paint and blue curtains, and the tables had been put together and the girls all in sassy blue aprons was waitin' to serve 'em. And right there they found out somethin', that same bein' that Mis' Bascomb could cook. None o' your fancy fixin's, but steak an' biscuits an' ham an' eggs an' pie like mother used to make. With Alice at th' door t' take th' money it wasn't long before th' Gulch City Eating House went plumb out o' business an' Mis' Bascomb had a line waitin' outside o' her house most any night o' the week t' get a chance at her cookin'.

"Now, I ain't sayin' that Gulch City was any earthly paradise, because there's a certain amount o' natural sin in everybody an' it's bound t' break out sometime. But I'm here to state that two of them saloons never found occasion to open up again an' Bud Peters only kept his on by caterin' t' th' Mexican trade. That was partly Alice o' course, but partly because Mis' Bascomb seen fit to put a sort o' board shack up next door t' th' Elite an' buy one o' these here motion picture machines which ran films every evenin' an' in those days the films was worth lookin' at, let me tell you, bein' as full o' murders an' sudden death as a barrel is o' beer. Out in front o' the show she had a place to sell candy and soda-pop that took in most as much as th' eatin' house, especially when Alice sits behind the glass case and sells lolly-pops an' tickets to th' show.

"Twasn't because any one'd reformed, y'understand, but just because somehow there seemed t' be lots more interestin' things doin' than just gettin' jazzed up on whiskey. O' course nobody c'd see into Mis' Bascomb's mind, but I reckon she was makin' more at th' eatin' house-theater proposition than she had in the old days, an' she looked right content. And the girls kind o' took to it, especially after two o' 'em got married to cow-punchers from up Dog Town way.

"But Sam never gets reconciled. Every time he comes to town, which is right often, and sees Alice a-sittin' at the cashier's stand with her baby-blue eyes and her innocent kind o' look, he just stands and glares an' then comes over to my house to kick the furniture and swear somethin' awful. He'd asked her to become Mis' Sepulveda by then, explainin' when he done so that he wanted to protect and cherish her for life, an' she'd turned him down, kind o' gentle and regretful, but very firm. Never give any reason, just stated that such was not her plans, so that he hadn't any manner o' hold on her any more than any o' the other



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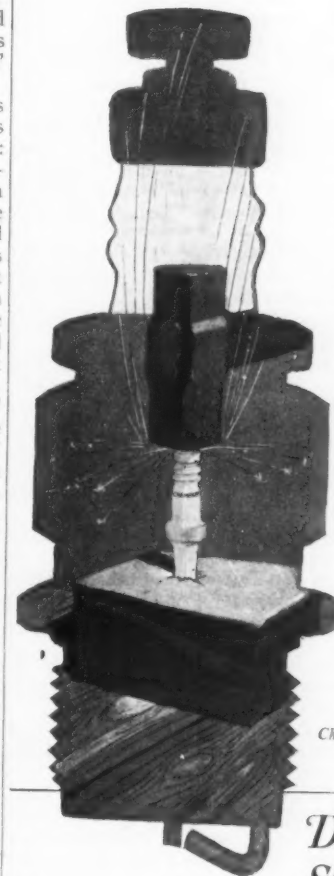
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moon-struck punchers that rode in from the ranches and tried to get her roped and branded with their mark.

"And then that Beith fellow horned into the game again. I reckon he figured that the sheep racket would be forgotten, or perhaps he had some reason o' his own for rememberin' Gulch City was on the map. 'Tany rate he shows up one night on horse-back as bright as a new penny. When he hits the end o' town he looks around kind o' surprised like and rides up the street, lookin' to left an' right."

"Where's Donovan's bar an' the Ridge House?" he asks.

"Closed," some one tells him. Then his eye catches a sign.

"Candy an' soft drinks!" He grins a mile wide.

"What's the matter with the town—got religion?" he asks, and when nobody answers he rides over to Mis' Bascomb's, which is deserted, it bein' the middle o' th' afternoon. He walks up the steps, readin' the sign real careful, and inside he finds Alice countin' over some money. He jumps like he been shot.

"Hello!" he says. "If it ain't Miss North!" She turns an' sees him, an' gets kind o' white, but a minute later she's shakin' his hand an' sayin' 'How do you do.'"

"How's the sheep?" he asks and she laughs.

"Fine," she tells him. "I've got a Mexican takin' care o' them an' they showed up fine at the last shearin'."

"They let you run 'em on Purissima?" he says, real curious.

"Yes," she tells him. "It was just like you said. Everybody's been real nice an' friendly." As she says that she gathers up the money on the table before her and begins droppin' it into a bag. It's the month's earnin's an' she was fixin' it t' send t' Mis' Bascomb's bank. It was most a thousand dollars an' Beith's eyes kind o' fell on it caressingly. Then he looks 'round th' place.

"Mis' Bascomb still run th' joint?" he inquired and she says, "Yes."

"At that he leans over and puts out his hand."

"Put it there," he says. "Dearie—I didn't know you was a live wire when I sold you the sheep in Frisco!"

"She shakes her head."

"I don't know what you mean," she tells him.

"Yes, you do," he says, leerin' at her. "You needn't waste any o' that pretty baby stuff on me. If you was as innocent as you make out you wouldn't be here in this house." Then, as she doesn't answer, he leans still nearer. "Say, what's to prevent our grabbin' th' stuff an' lightin' out? We c'd make a swell get-away!"

"She don't say anything, just stands there until, all of a sudden, he sees he's made a mistake. So he goes over to her threatenin'."

"Hand it over!" he says. "Damn you—hand it over!"

"And just at that moment somebody takes him by the scruff of the neck and bangs his head against the wall until he don't know much of anything, then kicks him out the door and up onto his horse which sets itself into motion away from town."

"Then Sam, who'd just happened to happen in, walks back into the room and finds Alice all doubled up in a faint on the floor. He picks her up and after a moment she's all right again, only lookin' kind o' white, an' he finds himself proposin' to her for the second time, not because he's got any particular reason t' think she's changed her mind, but because he's all

wrought up and don't know anything else to do. But she just shakes her head.

"I'd like to, Sam," she tells him, "but it wouldn't be fair to you—honest, it wouldn't."

"Fair to me!" he says, starin'.

"Yes," she tells him. "You see, I'm not what you think I am. You wouldn't be gettin' what you wanted at all."

"But it's you I want," he tells her real eager. "Just you."

"I'm not me," she says. "Leastwise, I'm not the girl you think I am, at all." For a moment she stares out the window, figgerin' whether to tell him or not, then she turns 'round again, and all the baby-look fades out o' her eyes, and when she talks she's lost a sort o' little lisp she'd used to have.

"What you want," she tells him, "is a brainless little baby-doll that's such a fool she doesn't know straight up. Isn't that right?" He starts to shake his head, but she stops him. "That's what you been in love with all these months," she tells him. "That's the only girl you seen." Suddenly she leans towards him kind o' fierce.

"I gotta break loose some time!" she says. "I gotta tell the truth or I'll bust! I ain't sweet an' trustin' an' innocent at all. I had t' take care o' myself all my life an' o' Bud, too, part o' the time. I used t' sing in cheap vaudeville an' it was there I learned t' look sweet an' trustin' an' innocent."

I learned it was the greatest little protection a girl c'd have, 'sides gettin' her what she wanted about nine-tenths o' the time. An I didn't think every one here was kind an' good an' just loved sheep. I found out two days before we got here what a dirty trick that Beith fellow'd played on us, and that you were all just layin' for snoozers. But I knew Bud was bankin' everythin' on it, so I never let on, just figured that I'd fix it somehow. And then that day, when you come, I'd just gotten on to the fact that Bud wasn't goin' t' get well again, ever, an' that I'd have to pretend I thought he was—on top o' everythin' else—she stopped to kind o' get her breath an' Sam asks a question.

"And Mis' Bascomb—?"

"Yes," she tells him, flushin'. "I knowed what she was th' minute I set eyes on her. An' the saloons—did you think any one with a lick o' sense wouldn't guess, Sam Sepulveda? But since you'd done it for me I kept still and then—her face kind o' loosens up and suddenly, right through her tears she grins at him, "I kinda figured it wouldn't do any o' you any harm to behave for awhile."

"But Sam doesn't smile back. He turns away and picks up his hat."

"Well, I reckon I'll be goin'," he says. "Havin' made pretty considerable of a fool of myself all around." And without sayin' anythin' more he goes to the door and climbs on his horse. He gets as far as the outside o' town and suddenly it occurs to him he's left his pipe back to Mis' Bascomb's. Bein' some wedded to it, he goes back again, figurin' that by now Alice has gone up-stairs.

"He goes up the steps real quiet and gets inside the door before he sees her. And then he don't stop for nothin' but just hurtles across the room, 'cause Alice is sittin' curled up on the floor cryin' her blue eyes out over somethin' an' the thing she's cryin' over is his pipe."

There was another long silence, broken only by the weird clank and crash of the bounding car, then,

"Yes," said Red. "Those sheep we passed—they're some fat, they are, not havin' anythin' t' do but eat their heads off. But Little Bo-Peep—he don't get no chance to get fat. Mis' Sepulveda—she don't let him, you bet!"

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—They were pals. One was a veteran—headed for obscurity. The other was a youngster—with the majors still ahead. Before their paths parted they met "Angel Face," who couldn't decide which one she loved the better. But when, no longer team mates, they were pitted against each other in one great, supreme test, there came a wonderful, climactic, breath-taking play, and Angel Face—well, Angel Face made her choice between youth and age. In next week's issue the story of the two men and the girl—"Leave It to Angel Face," by Gerald Beaumont—will appear.

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# As We Were Saying

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

## OUR "UNSPEAKABLE" MUSIC

POPULAR music of the day in America was described as "unspeakable" by Mrs. Marx Obendorfer, of Chicago, addressing the music conference of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Des Moines, Iowa, today. "Ninety per cent. of it," she said, "would not be allowed to go through the mails if it were literature."—Extract from a news despatch.

Peppy Beach, N. J.—A raid by Federal officers, made this afternoon upon a stack of new dance music just received from Tinpan Alley, New York, occasioned much excitement here. Eighty-seven whole notes, one hundred and ninety-four halves, three hundred and forty-three quarter notes and nine hundred and fifteen eighths were taken in the government's dragnet, and arraigned on a charge of corrupting youth. They were held without bail for hearing next week. The only dances here tonight were the Minuet (Beethoven's), and "The Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz.

Jazz Casino, Mass.—Four saxophones were arrested here this evening on warrants sworn out by the local Society for the Suppression of Jazz. A piano and a set of kettle-drums were warned to leave town at once, and did so on the 8:10 train. The saxophones, it is said, are old offenders, their music, according to the officials of the

Society, having been responsible for three elopements, five divorces and eighteen broken hearts since the opening of the Casino on June 20.

Double Bar, Me.—Three worn-out songs, who gave their names respectively as "Jamaica Ginger Jazz," "Whoop-de-doodle-ding-dong-doo," and "Meet Me When the Moon's Behind a Cloud" drifted into the police station here today and asked to be sent on indeterminate sentence to the Old Songs' Home. They said they had once been popular, but that they had met with reverses. A report that "Jamaica Ginger Jazz" is wanted in Boston for having sent improper notes to young musicians is being rigidly investigated.

## A MOTHER GOOSE PUZZLE

One misty, moisty morning, when cloudy was the weather,  
I chanced to meet a little man, clothed all in leather.  
How he could afford it would be a piece of news,  
Seeing what they soak you for just a pair of shoes.

Fortunately, Congress is not in session. Which is about all that saves the country from a bill to give bonuses to "dark horses" and "favorite sons" who did not land a nomination.

# The Melting-Pot

MANY Bolsheviks and radicals are being arrested and deported from Mexico. Some people are too revolutionary even for the Mexicans.

The French Government has prohibited importation of artificial teeth on the ground that these are "luxuries." A trade system without teeth can hardly be effective.

The \$5,000,000 donated by the Rockefeller Foundation to University College, London, has almost moved the grateful British press to spell the famous founder's name "Goodfeller."

Argentina's disposition, once so unsympathetic toward the United States, seems lately to have sweetened, for she has allowed the sale of 15,000 tons of sugar to our Government.

The United States Government has not asked the Mexican Government to send back American draft slackers. Probably it is thought that living in Mexico is punishment enough for them.

Premier Lloyd George remarks that the United States has made no objection to dealing with the Soviet. Provided that the dealing were only sufficiently drastic, what sane mortal could object?

A process for making paper pulp from cotton fiber, it is announced, has been developed in Virginia. If this be true, the newspapers everywhere will admit that cotton is still king—and some more.

After a few weeks' sojourn in Russia, Emma Goldman, deported Red, confesses that Bolshevism has enslaved the people and is worse than capitalism. She evidently is trying to qualify for a recall.

An army aviator, during an air race from Washington, D. C., to Central Park, L. I., wrote a lot of letters. Thus to the adage, "He who runs may read," should be added, "He who flies may write."

Having a trunkful of testimonies to his fairness and level-headedness, William Howard Taft is being considered by the Canadian Government as its representative on the Grand Trunk Arbitration Board.

A brigade of black soldiers in the French Army who wanted to return to Africa refused to obey orders to embark at Marseilles for Asia Minor. Even Africans are in the fashion of declining a mandate.

Bootleggers in the United States are now said to be getting at the rate of \$2,000 per barrel for whiskey. This former necessary of life will soon be out of the reach of quite a percentage of hard-working Americans.

"So today civilization totters," remarks Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States. Even a spell-binder in an American Presidential campaign fearing the success of the other party could not talk more pessimistically.

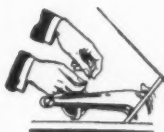
A West Orange, N. J., physician had nine men arrested who, he averred, had tarred and feathered and beaten him while initiating him into a fraternal society. The court expressed wonder that the victim was so poor a sport, and set the initiators free. What, must manly sport be abolished because a mollycoddie objects to it?

Let the people think and smile!

# COLGATE'S

"HANDY GRIP"

## The Refill Shaving Stick



You don't buy  
a new phonograph  
every time the  
needle gets dull

..... you insert a new needle and start afresh! Just the same with Colgate's "Handy Grip." When the soap wears down, unscrew the last bit and screw a new Refill Stick into the metal grip. Stick the old bit of soap on the new stick—no waste.

No mussy "rubbing in" is ever necessary with Colgate's—work up the lather with the brush.

The Shaving Stick is the economical way to make a satisfactory lather. We can give you this impartial advice because we make Shaving Sticks, Powder and Cream. Send 4c for trial size of any one of these.

COLGATE & CO.  
Dept. 20 199 Fulton St. New York



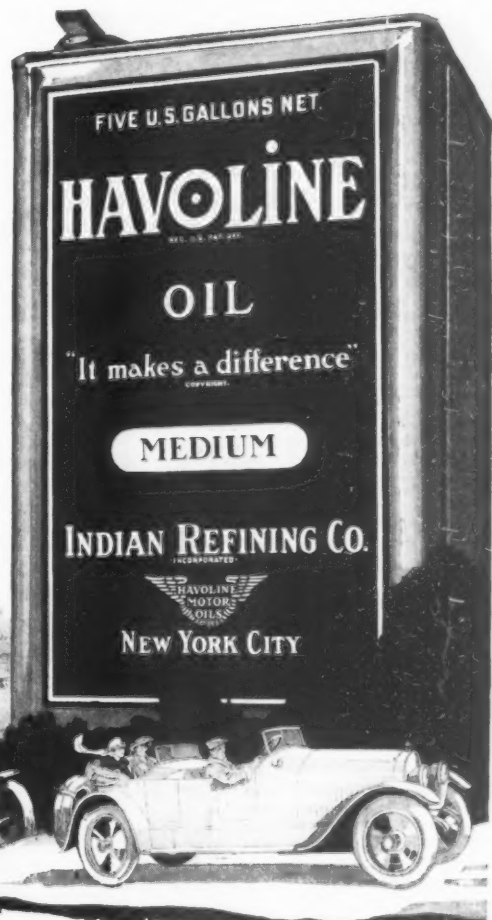
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to the Quart

It you don't get 100 miles to the quart of oil, try Havoline Oil. "It makes a difference." Neither heat nor wear will break up its protecting film. Ask for your grade and in its sealed containers.

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20 Broad Street New York City



"I Want a Drink"

THERE are a lot of folks in these United States who will sympathize with this cunning youngster's desire for a drink.

This dimpled infant reminding Mamma that it's bottle time expresses an emotion not uncommon in these days.

It would be hard to resist the appeal of this picture, one of the many noted covers that have appeared on JUDGE, "The Happy Medium."

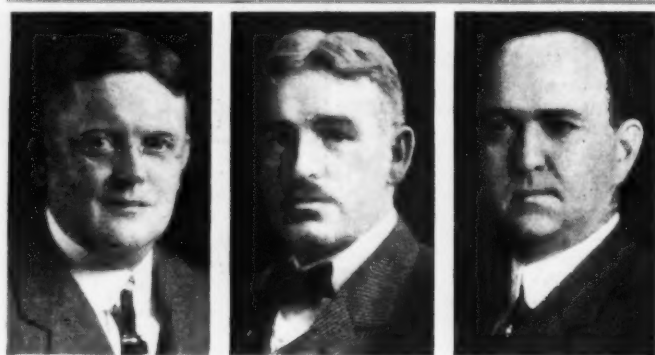
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JUDGE ART PRINT DEPARTMENT  
225 Fifth Avenue New York City

## Under This Heading "Free Booklets for Investors"

on page 66 you will find a descriptive list of booklets and circulars of information which will be of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety. A number of them are prepared especially for the smaller investor and the "beginner in investing."

# Jasper's Hints to Investors



H. L. JARBOE, JR.

President of the Drovers National Bank of Kansas City, Mo., an institution which is developing the important cattle industry of the Southwest. Mr. Jarboe is widely known and is highly esteemed as a financier.

R. P. BREWER

Vice-President of the National Bank of Commerce, of Kansas City, President of the First National Bank of McAlester, Okla., and interested in other Oklahoma banks. He is a banker of much ability.

JOHN M. MOORE

President of the Fidelity National Bank & Trust Company of Kansas City, which has deposits of more than \$35,000,000. Mr. Moore is one of the justly influential leaders in the banking field of the great West.

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their weekly and to answers to inquiries on financial questions and, in emergencies, to answers by telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit \$7 directly to the office of LESLIE'S in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be included. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Full name and exact street address, or number of postoffice box, should always be given. Anonymous communications will not be answered. The privileges of this department are not extended to members of clubs who are not individual subscribers.

OCCASIONALLY of late, pessimism has become so intense that there have been predictions of a panic in 1920. But if history is to repeat itself there will be no such financial disaster this year. In no presidential year since the nation began has a panic occurred. Business may have been dull and there may have been plenty of depression, but this has never culminated in a general crash. The fact is as curious as it is reassuring. The explanation may be that the powers of industry and finance are particularly on guard during presidential campaigns, having made due preparation beforehand, having trimmed sail carefully, and exercised especial vigilance. They have been ready to meet any possible storm and so have not been struck hard by unexpected blasts.

The course of the stock market during the past six presidential election years may be cited as an illustration of our statement. In 1866, when Mr. McKinley confronted and defeated Mr. Bryan, the market rose a little from January to beyond the middle of June, but then fell sharply and reached its low for the year in August, recovering most of its loss in September and October and attaining its high in November, whence it sank and ended in December somewhat lower than early in January, but a trifle higher than January's low. In 1900, when McKinley and Bryan contested again, there was a moderate rebound from the low of January, but this did not hold and after some zigzagging the lowest level was reached in June. After a period of irregularity, a decided advance began in September and continued with scarcely a setback to the end of December, when the highest prices of the year were made. In 1904, when Roosevelt locked horns with Parker, the lows were in February and March, with a hesitant interval in April and May, and a smart upward turn beginning in May which continued to the high in early December, when there occurred a small recession. A similar story might be told of 1908, when Taft beat Bryan, except that the fluctuations were more numerous and the peak at the close of the year was higher than in the three previous presidential years. In 1912, when there was a triangular fight between Taft, Roosevelt

and Wilson, there was more steadiness in the market than in the four preceding presidential years, and though prices did not soar greatly at any time, they were somewhat higher at December's close than in January when they were at their low. In 1916, when Hughes and Wilson were the opposing nominees, the market ran down irregularly from the plane of early January until the final quotations of April, whence they rose at first indecisively, but moved upward from July to October, declined a bit and then shot up to the high of the year in November. Thence they slipped down nearly to the low for 1916.

Thus in all six campaign years, though there was a more or less erratic market, nothing indicative of a panic occurred. All things being equal, the same condition might be predicated of 1920. It is true that the country is now feeling the after-effects of the world's greatest war and has before it a tremendous task of readjustment, in the course of which unforeseen things may happen. We have already had serious slumps in the market this year that may have discounted any coming trouble, and the present outlook for securities of sterling merit is far from dark. Indeed, the nomination at Chicago of a safe and sane ticket increased public confidence as the days went by, and there was displayed less and less concern as to whether this action would be duplicated at San Francisco or not. The nation is weary of strife and unrest and the business world wants opportunity for peaceful development. All property interests, great and small, are in a mood to unite to make at least this segment of the world serene and worth living in. The conviction is growing that such a result would surely follow the triumph of the Republican party.

With such a bent and determination clearly manifested by the greater number of the people, the securities market should stiffen and at length acquire an unmistakable trend. The investing public is profoundly interested in the stability of business and prices. If each investor by his political attitude will do his part intelligently and sensibly, he can aid in bringing about a state of affairs as beneficial to himself as it will be to the country in general.

June 1st Dividend  
on  
**Cities Service Company**  
Preferred Stock  
was paid to  
**19,410 Stockholders**  
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A wonderful evidence  
of confidence in this  
Investment stock

Circular P-21 on request

**Henry L. Doherty & Company**  
Bond Department  
60 Wall Street, New York

MAKE YOUR  
MONEY  
EARN MORE

7%

MORTGAGES  
ON MIAMI  
REAL ESTATE

The Census Bureau recently announced that the population of Miami has increased 41% over its population in 1910. As mortgage bankers we have participated directly in this wonderful development.

The story of Miami's growth is the story of exceptional investment opportunities. Read about them in our booklet, "Facing the Facts." Please request booklet No. 61.

**C. L. Miller & Company**  
MIAMI TRUST BLDG.  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

## OKLAHOMA FARM MORTGAGES

6%  
NET

The value of Oklahoma's five leading crops in 1919 was \$308,076,000.00 greater than in 1918. Land values are increasing in proportion to production. Borrowed money is being used by Oklahoma farmers for further development and to increase their holdings. We have on hand a choice selection of 6% NET first mortgage securities. Write for our descriptive Circular "L."

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A MILLION persons who want a car will be disappointed this year! Any car with four wheels and a hood can be sold.

Consequently, some of the two million buyers who think themselves "lucky" may be sadly disillusioned, after an experience of a few months with their new cars.

Don't buy just "any" car. Let the Motor Department of LESLIE'S WEEKLY help you with its expert, unbiased advice free of charge. Your car must represent a wise investment as well as a reliable vehicle of transportation. Fill out the following coupon in detail and mail to

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### COUPON

HAROLD W. SLAYSON, M.E.

Manager, Motor Department

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

I am considering the purchase of a car to cost about \$..... and am especially interested in one of the..... (make)

..... (type)

My requirements for a car are as follows:

Capacity.....

Type of body.....

Driven and cared for by..... self chauffeur

Kind of roads over which car would be used.....

I have owned other cars of the following makes:

.....

The following cars of approximately the type in which I am interested are handled by dealers in my territory.....

Please advise me as to the car best suited to my requirements.

Name.....

Address.....



R., IRVING, N. Y.: Standard Oil of N. J. preferred is a high-grade issue paying 7%. It is a good purchase at present price.

D., CINCINNATI, OHIO: On the face of it, the Eastern Potash Corp. appears to have large possibilities, but it is a new and untried company whose plant has not yet been completed and put in operation. Its stock at present is regarded as a fair long-pull speculation.

P., RUTLAND, VT.: The Chandler Motor Car Co. made a good statement for the four months ended April 30, showing a surplus of \$15.62 per share, before Federal taxes, on the 210,000 shares of no par value. The company's total surplus April 30 was \$7,693,534.

H., NEW HAVEN, CONN.: The Rock Island Railroad is doing the largest business in its history. If the rate increase of 23.0% is granted to the Western roads, Rock Island should earn full dividends on the 6% and 7% preferred stocks and a balance for common. Rock Island lines running through Oklahoma are unusually prosperous owing to oil developments in that section.

E., LOUISVILLE, KY.: I do not advise purchase of Gulf, Mobile & Northern common, which is not a dividend payer and has not a particularly bright outlook. Bethlehem Motors common is still in the speculative stage, with no dividends in sight. Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Co. is a dividend payer, both cash and stock. It is a fair business man's purchase. Safer issues in which to invest your \$10,000 are Victory 4 3/4 per cent. notes, International Mercantile Marine pfd. American Woolen pfd., U. S. Steel pfd., and U. S. Rubber 1st pfd.

C., WAPPINGER FALLS, ILL.: There is no need to worry over the depreciation of your United States bonds unless you wish to sell them. They will all some day reach par and may rise above it. It would be a good scheme to use your few hundreds in purchasing Victory 4 3/4% notes. If you hold these until maturity, about 3 years, they will return you over 6% interest, and you can get hold of nothing safer. As for City of Copenhagen bonds, I do not consider them a first-class investment, though they may be reasonably safe.

K., NEW YORK: Italy is said to be gradually recovering from the effects of the great war. The Kingdom of Italy external loan 5-year 6 1/2% gold bonds are a reasonably safe investment. Principal and interest are payable in New York in United States gold coin, or in Rome without deduction for Italian taxes. The holder is offered the option of payment in lire at Rome at the fixed rate of 7 lire to the dollar. By disposing of his bonds in the Italian market, the holder has a chance of making a profit of \$351 per \$1,000. The bonds were quoted lately to yield 7%.

A., NEWPORT, R. I.: The United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland 5 1/2 per cent. bonds maturing Nov. 1, 1921, are an attractive short-term issue. The bonds are a direct obligation of the British Government. They aggregate \$150,000,000 and are secured by \$180,000,000 of collateral comprising American corporation bonds, Canadian municipal and corporation bonds and bonds of British colonies. They are payable in gold at New York, and are not affected by rates of exchange. They are redeemable to Oct. 31, 1920, at 102 and interest, and from November 1, 1920, to Oct. 31, 1921, at 101 and interest. Present market price assures a liberal yield.

Y., LOUISVILLE, KY.: The Consumers Power Co. operates in lower Michigan and serves a rapidly growing industrial section. It is paying dividends on both stocks. The general and refunding mortgage 10-year 7 1/2, series A, are desirable. They aggregate \$5,000,000. The company pays normal Federal income tax of 2 per cent. Price lately to yield 7.28 per cent. The same company's 7% serial gold debentures are attractive. They mature from Feb. 1, 1922, to Feb. 1, 1927. Normal federal income tax of 2% is paid by the company. The debentures are callable on the first day of any month at 103 and interest. Prices to yield about 7 3/4%. The company's net earnings are over twice the charges on all its bonds and debentures.

A., YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO: To figure out the yield on any bond, when it is below par, subtract the market price from par, which is the redemption value. Divide this difference by the number of years the bond has to run and you will have the yearly percentage of profit if you hold the bond until maturity. To this yearly percentage add the regular interest rate and you will have the total yearly interest which you will receive if the security is held until redeemed. Among American Government issues the largest immediate return can be had by buying Victory 4 3/4 per cent. notes, which mature in about three years. It would be well to diversify your investments. Buy a Government issue, a good local industrial preferred or the best class of preferred stocks listed on the New York Exchange and high-grade first mortgage real estate bonds.

H., OAKLAND, CALIF.: Since you desire long-term bonds, the exchange of \$7500 of Southern Pacific conv. 1920 for San Fran. s. f. terminal 1950 would be advantageous at present prices. The \$7500 Western Pacific 1st mortgage 5's could be exchanged for other railroad bonds, but you already have bonds of several roads and it would be better to diversify. You might consider U. S. Steel s. f. 5's, International Mercantile Marine 6's, Montana Power 1st & ref 5's, Lackawanna Steel 1st cons. and

(Concluded on page 66)

## Measuring the Real Decline in Bonds

THE decline in the bond market from pre-war levels has been commented on widely, and emphasis has been laid on the fact that the high cost of capital at present is the investor's opportunity. Commodity prices have risen out of all proportion, the advance having been accompanied by a corresponding decline in bond prices. However, when we say, for example, that Union Pacific first 4's have dropped from 97 in May, 1914, to 77 at present, the real market depreciation of these bonds is not apparent from the quotation as expressed in dollars, for the reason that if in May, 1914, the dollar is taken to represent 100 per cent. purchasing power, the same dollar today represents but 40 per cent. of such purchasing power. Accordingly, in order to indicate the true decline it is necessary to measure bond prices, not in dollars but in terms of the quantity of commodities exchangeable for bonds today as compared with that before the war.

The following exhibit, prepared for LESLIE's by Clark, Dodge & Co., 51 Wall Street, New York, shows the decline in prices as expressed first in dollars and the more marked decline as measured in commodities. For example, an unskilled day laborer can buy a \$100 Union Pacific first mortgage 4 per cent. bond with 15.4 day's labor today, whereas in 1914 it took 55.4 days labor to pay for the same bond. Thus, expressed in dollars, the decline amounts to 20 per cent., whereas in terms of a day's labor the decline is 72 per cent. Again a planter can today buy for 188 pounds of cotton the same bond which in 1914 would have cost him 746 pounds, a decline of 75 per cent. Union Pacific first 4's have been selected as being representative of high-grade bonds both before the war and at present, and the depreciation in the market value of this issue is simply indicative of the market in high-grade and other bonds generally.

### Decline of Union Pacific First 4's

Measured in Dollars	May 1914	May 1920	Decline
	\$97	\$77	20%
Measured in Commodities.			
Unskilled day laborer.....	55.4 days	15.4 days	72%
Refined sugar.....	2,395 lbs.	350 lbs.	85%
Cotton.....	746 lbs.	188 lbs.	75%
Steel rails.....	3.46 tons	1.40 tons	60%
Steel sheets.....	5,243 lbs.	1,400 lbs.	73%
Pig iron.....	6.58 tons	1.64 tons	75%
Copper.....	685 lbs.	405 lbs.	41%
Wool.....	408 lbs.	114 lbs.	72%
Wheat.....	88.5 bu.	24 bu.	73%
Corn.....	121 bu.	34.3 bu.	72%
Live beef.....	1,311 lbs.	664 lbs.	50%
Leather—hemlock sale.....	323 lbs.	148 lbs.	54%
Oil—ref. petroleum.....	746 gal.	296 gal.	60%
Coal—nut anthracite.....	15.5 tons	5.6 tons	64%
Common brick.....	13.85 M	3.08 M	77%
Yellow pine.....	3,233 ft.	700 ft.	80%

Theoretically the course of bond prices is contrary to that of commodity prices. Bonds today are at levels unknown for fifty years and if the recent wave of price cutting indicates that this economic law has begun to operate and the prices of commodities are on the downward course, it seems reasonable to suppose that the bond market has been thoroughly liquidated and that the trend from now on should be upward.



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YOU must read what Maurice Switzer, business executive, economist, poet and humorist, has to say about the subject in

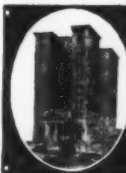
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For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to men the world over. It not only keeps the old but makes many new ones each year. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

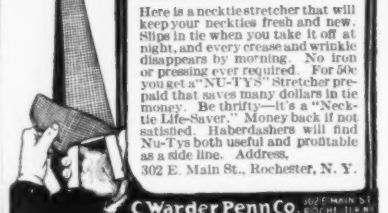
GEORGE FROST CO., Makers BOSTON

## BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants command thousands of firms need them big salaries. Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Only 2,500 are earning \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year. Many train you thoroughly by mail in spare time. We C. P. A. examinations or executive advice for big positions. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin—we prepare you from the ground up. Our course and exam are under the supervision of William B. Casterholz, A. M., C. P. A., former Controller and instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for information and free book of accountancy facts.

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### SAVE COSTLY TIES

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C. W. Warder Penn Co. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## Jasper's Hints to Investors

(Concluded from page 65)

conv. 5's, U. S. Rubber 1st 5's, American Tel. & Tel. col. 5's, and Beth Steel ref. 5's. Sinclair Consolidated and Union Oil are both long pulls with possibilities, and if you are resolved to speculate you could put \$5,000 into them with a reasonable chance of eventual profit. For purchases with your remaining \$25,000 you might consider the bonds named above and such sound preferred stock as S. O. of N. J., Beth Steel 8 percent., American Locomotive, American Smelting, and Montana Power.

L., OMAHA, NEB.: The new first lien and general mortgage 8% gold bonds of the Idaho Power Co. will mature July 1, 1930. The company operates in a large territory without competition, serving a population of 160,000. These bonds are secured by deposit of the company's first mortgage 5's. Net earnings are over twice interest charges. Offered at par.

M., BALTIMORE, MD.: The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.'s 7% cum. preferred and common stocks are being offered in blocks of three shares (two shares preferred, one share common), for \$300. The company has no bonds. The stock is tax-exempt in Ohio and exempt from normal Federal income tax. The company is the largest manufacturer of tires in the world. Earnings for the past twelve years applicable to common stock have exceeded 54%. Since 1908 cash dividends of 12% and stock extras have been paid on common.

K., BUFFALO, N. Y.: Among the new securities issues are the Shawinigan Water & Power Co.'s 6-year 7 1/4% secured convertible gold notes. Principal and interest are payable in United States or Canadian gold coin. Residents of the United States do not have to pay Canadian tax or U. S. income tax up to 2%. The company is one of the largest producers of hydro-electric power in the world. It is located in the province of Quebec, Canada. The notes, aggregating \$4,000,000, are secured by pledge of over \$5,000,000 of mortgage bonds. Net earnings are three times annual interest requirements. The notes are quoted at a price to yield 8%.

T., TARRYTOWN, N. Y.: The general testimony is that Belgium is rapidly recuperating from the effects of the World War. She was prosperous and her credit was good in the olden days, and this bids fair to be the case in the future. Therefore, the new issue of \$50,000,000 Kingdom of Belgium 25-year external gold loan 7 1/4 per cent. sinking fund redeemable bonds offers a desirable investment. These bonds are redeemable on June 1st in any year until and including June 1, 1945, at 115 per cent. of the principal, by the operation of a sinking fund of not less than \$2,300,000 yearly. Principal, interest and premium are payable in New York in United States gold coin, without deduction for any Belgian taxes. The bonds have been offered at 97 1/4 and interest. They are coupon, in denomination of \$1,000 and \$500. Owing to the premium, the net yield ranges, according to date of maturity, from 24.80 per cent. in 1921 down to 7.05 per cent. in 1945. This is one of the most remarkable chances ever offered in government bonds.

New York, July 3, 1920.

JASPER.

## Free Booklets for Investors

Joseph E. Thomas & Co., 3rd Ave. and Spring St., Seattle, Wash., deal in 7% mortgages on improved property and are prepared to supply information regarding them to any interested investor. On application to J. S. Bache & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, investors and business men can obtain copies of the valuable and helpful "Bache Review," noted widely for sound suggestions and excellent advice.

An interesting treatise, "Thrift Savings Investment," showing how monthly savings may efficiently be applied to the purchase of securities of the best kind, has been issued by Charles H. Clarkson & Co., Inc., 66 Broadway, New York, and will be mailed to any address on request for copy LW-1.

The Miller 7% first mortgage bonds are in high repute because secured by income-earning real estate worth twice the total of bonds issued. The yield they make is more than the average profit of the ordinary speculator. A list of current offerings and a free booklet, "Creating Good Investments," may be had by writing to G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 1027 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

The Mercantile Trust Company of St. Louis, Mo., a member of the Federal Reserve system, presents an attractive investment in municipal road bonds exempt from Federal income taxes and secured by taxes levied on lands worth many times the bond issue. These bonds mature in 1 to 30 years. Any applicant for circular LB 90 may obtain from the company a list of these bonds and complete data concerning them.

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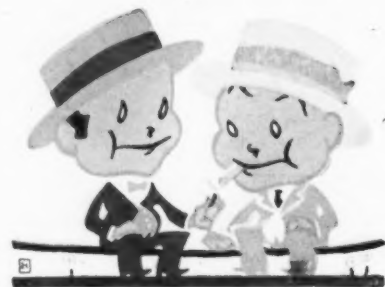


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**MOTOR TRUCKS**  
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# One sacrifice, one assist, no errors!



EVERY WILD-EYED fan,  
WAS ON his feet.  
OR SOMEONE else's.  
AND THEIR soft remarks,  
REACHED THE next county,  
AND WHILE I'm not,  
EASILY EXCITED.  
I GUESS I was helping.  
THE PITCHER bean.  
THAT CLEAN-UP hitter.  
AND MY good south paw.  
HIT A fat fan.  
RIGHT IN the vestibule.  
AND HE said "Phooo.  
A FOUL tip.  
RIGHT ON my last cigar."  
AND I was sorry.  
AND GAVE him one.  
OF MY cigarettes.  
AND HE saw the package.  
THAT I took it from.  
AND SMILED and said.  
"THEY SATISFY!  
AND THAT smoke you smashed.  
WAS ONE my wife.  
BOUGHT AT a bargain.  
SO THAT makes it.  
A SATISFY  
DOUBLE HEADER."  
AND AFTER that.  
I EVEN saw him  
ROOTING FOR the umpire.



TWENTY hits—twenty chances with  
never a goose-egg—that's Chester-  
field's average on every package. Trust  
the fans to pick them out. An unusual  
blend of Turkish and Domestic—it  
can't be copied. These cigarettes are  
there—they satisfy!

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